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...ment.....	$ 248.64
...1873	781.15
...ry persons,	216.78
...present Super-	17.25
	$1,263.82
	$718.47
	16.55
	13.15
	48.82
	283.80
	118.20
	64.70—$1,263.47

Supervisor,—Dr.

...settlement.....	$ 622.04
...1873	887.29
...present Super-	49.04
	18.66
	$ 856.71
	5.83
...78	
	117.00
...tion	
	10.00
	10.35
...with ... Nagle	8.00
...Na-	
	230.06
...ale of	240.66
	28.82
...ment t	1.50—$1,088.98

...OWNSHIP.

...judgment....	$———
...ty persons ...	270.08

...ioners of Clearfield Tp., ...examined the above ac... ...BURGON, ... DE HAVEN, ... Tp., Clerk. [7-24-3t.]

...DOUGLASS, Treasurer ...Township School District,

...settlement	$ 339.45
...M'Coy, former	226.66
	164.50
...Col. for 1873	1,326.80
...Treas's on settlem't	25.93
	$2,115.34
...salaries	$1,403.39
...ing tax,	428.61
...al, printing	146.85
...ntingent,	15.40
...Bonds,	39.69
...ontingent	1.00
...ing and	66.09—$2,115.34

...We, the undersigned, do hereby ...examined the above accounts ...Clearfield District, and find ...

A. BURGOON, JOHN DE HAVEN, ...Township, Twp. Clerk. } Auditors. [7-24.-3t.]

NAMELESS.

There are sighs unheaved, there are tears unwept,
There are lutes unstrung, there are harps unswept;
There are griefs unknown, there are thoughts untold,
There are hearts beat warm, when they seem but cold;
There are loves unlost when they seem so dead;
There are wounds unseen, that have often bled,
For the soul feels most, when in silence deep,
It lives unheard as the winds in their sleep.
There are sorrows very dark that o'ercloud our way
And that shade the heart in our life's glad day;
There are joys unfelt, there are hopes unfed,
There are pledges hushed, there are vows unsaid,
There are flowers dead among the blooming leaves,
There are treasures lost among the golden sheaves;
There are memories sweet, and we love them well,
But the eye grows dim in their current swell.
There are friendships gone, like the dew of morn,
There are smiles now turned to the coldest scorn;
There are dreams we loved, in the days gone by,
When the sun was warm, and so bright our sky,
That are past like spray on the ocean's breast,
When the storms has ceased, and her waters rest,
And the heart grows sad, that its loves have fled,
That its hopes are gone, and its garlands dead.
There are scenes we knew that are faded now,
There are gathered wreaths and a shaded brow;
There are songs unsung, that we loved to hear,
When the heart was fresh, and its pleasures near;
There are footsteps hid in the sands of time,
There are voices stilled in this earthly clime,
But the echoes come from the boundless shore
That lies beyond in the vast evermore.
There are prayers we breathe for the ones we love,
While we linger here from our home above,
Yet we smile to think that our griefs will cease,
And our hearts rejoice in an endless peace.
Far away above the ethereal blue,
Where each soul is glad, and each heart is true;
We will live in love, and her radiant beam
Will inspire the soul with a heavenly dream.

THE STORY OF THE FLOOD.

THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE PITTSBURG DELUGE—MIRACULOUS ESCAPES AND REMARKABLE ADVENTURES.

The Pittsburg *Chronicle*, in an editorial article published on the third day after the overwhelming calamity, speaks of the fact that no list of injured has appeared, which it considers one of the most remarkable circumstances of the great disaster. The lists, as published, read almost invariably "Dead and Missing." In

THE TERRIBLE RUSHING TORRENT

which swept down the numerous runs there was no middle ground, and for those who came in its course there was only one chance, "sink or swim." Unlike a railroad accident, the flood leaves no list of maimed or wounded, and along its raging pathway the only issue is life and death. Mr. A. W. Cole, one of the members of the firm of C. Haveler & Co., whose glue works were entirely wrecked, says that when the flood of waters began to descend no one had any idea that it would reach the great proportions which it assumed.—Mr. Cole, who stood during the storm outside of his dwelling, just in the rear of the hill at the upper end of the glue works, says that the hill had the appearance of immense sheets of water, as outlined on the opposite hill when lighted up by continuous flashes of lightning. When the great flood of water rushed down the run he likened the sound produced to the roaring of Niagara Falls. Mr. Cole describes the incidents attending the destruction of the dwelling occupied by August Renkauf and the drowning of little Emma, aged three years; Emma Renkauf, aged one year; and the nurse girl, Miss Nolting, aged 14 years.

A WOMAN SAVED AND HER CHILDREN LOST.

When the flood began Mr. Renkauf was visiting a brother on Spring Garden Run. Mrs. Renkauf went to her front door to ascertain the extent of the flood. Upon opening it the water rushed in in a great volume, and was noon several feet deep.—A number of articles of furniture were jammed up against the door leading to the second story, where the children were.—She found she was unable to get up the staircase, and then tried to get to the rear of the house, if possible, to save the sleeping ones by the upstairs windows. She tried in vain to rouse them. As she passed out of the front door the side facing the Allegheny river fell out, carrying her with it. She was swept down the run about one hundred yards, and caught on the top of some of the debris of the glue works.—She clambered over this a distance of fifty feet, and had to wade from that point to the shore, a distance of about twenty yards, in water waist deep. Her calls for assistance were responded to by several men who happened to be in the vicinity, and who did what they could to enable her to reach the shore. She is in delicate health, and the courage she displayed was remarkable.

During the time that she was being swept away Mr. A. V. Cole with his brother Isaac went to the rear of the house by means of a private lane leading past it, and shouting at the top of their voices endeavored to awaken the children who were imprisoned in the upper story of the dwelling. The roar of the torrent drowned their voices and they were unable to make themselves heard. He and his brother then picked up clumps of earth and threw them at the window, but just then the house was swept away and disappeared in the flood, and the three children were crushed to death in its crumbling ruins.—Their mangled bodies were found about 150 yards below the scene of the heroic efforts for their rescue.

ANOTHER THRILLING INCIDENT

was the miraculous escape of the watchman of the glue works. He thought the flood was a small affair, and started up stairs to get beyond the reach of it just as there was about a foot of water in the lower story. He had scarcely reached the second story when the stairs gave way and he was compelled to jump down to a coal house which stood in the vicinity of the boilers. Out of this he crawled through an aperture while the water was up to his chin. Fortunately he secured a plank, and with that he made for the shore, which he reached in safety.

The sudden rise of the water in Butcher's Run is well illustrated by some incidents related by a German family who reside in a stone dwelling opposite Haveler's glue works. The husband told the wife to go to the cellar to obtain some kindlings for the cooking stove, as he desired to go to work early Monday morning. The wife placed the wood in the stove, but by the time she had completed her work the water had reached the floor. She informed her husband of the fact, and suggested that they had better vacate the house as the flood threatened to destroy it. The husband, who had retired, jumped out of bed into water knee deep, and with the help of his wife got the children out of an upper story window on the high ground in the rear. After they had accomplished this, the husband returned to the bed-room to get some clothing out of a wardrobe, but in the mean time the water reached such a height as to upset it, and he found it impossible to get the article he wanted, being compelled hastily to vacate the apartment.

A FAMILY OF SIX DROWNED.

The *Evening Chronicle* has the following: From Ben. Mangold, a German, living a short distance from the Schanapperts, whose house proved the tomb of a family of six, we learned the particulars of this sad episode in the history of the Butcher's Run tragedy. Schanapperts's house stood immediately below the oil refinery of Haldship & Co., and was struck by the flood with force enough to carry it completely from its foundation on Madison avenue and hurl it down the torrent. Mangold, hearing shriek upon shriek rend the air, looked out from an upper window. The doomed house careened along within a stone's throw. At the upper windows stood poor Schanapperts and his wife, each holding aloft a child over the raging water and shrieking, "God Almighty help us!" "God save us!" In a few seconds the building reached the bend where the flood turned south at the foot of Buena Vista street. Here it struck against a slaughter house and dissolved like a pile of snow in the boiling water. The shrieks were silent and only the crash and grinding of timbers were heard.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The Branigan family live on O'Hara street, and occupy the last house saved on the left going down the street. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Branigan and four children. A neighbor, Patrick McManus, was alone in the house when the water tore up the back wall on the ground floor and dashed toward the front of the room on O'Hara street. Had the couple not speedily opened this door and broken out the glass the whole family would have been drowned like so many rats. Across one window was the iron bar used for securing the shutters. Swiftly the water rose until it stood five feet in the room, with a current like a mill race setting through the apartment. Mr. and Mrs. Branigan instinctively seized each a child and clung to this bar with the grip of despair while the cold, muddy torrent swept over them. For four hours these two hung to that providentially placed bar, and were all rescued. McManus, who with the remaining child, rushed to the street, was swept into an alley and on to the roof of a shed, where they also were saved.

One singular feature of the flood has not been alluded to. So far as we are able to ascertain only one person who escaped from the flood was injured. The dead all bore marks of bruises and mangling, but notwithstanding the toppling of houses and avalanches of timber and debris, those who escaped from the wreck came out unhurt.

HOW THREE CHILDREN ESCAPED.

About 12 o'clock on Sunday night, after the water had subsided from the streets, Mr. Walters, while sitting in his house in Butcher's Run, heard the cries of a child, and going to the window raised it just as the form of a boy floated past in the current. Mr. Walters reached out through the open window, and grasping the boy dragged him into the house, and thus saved his life. This was the boy Hoover, and he is the only one saved out of a family of five. The water was in Mr. Walter's house at the time, and the run was booming on at an unusual height.

One of the most remarkable incidents of the flood was the taking out of two children alive from the debris on Earl street. One of them was a boy aged about ten years. He was found at the bottom of a pile of rubbish near Vista street. He was hardly recognized as a human being. A lady took possession of him, and after having him washed and dressed took him to a physician. It is said that he had an arm broken in two places. He was badly bruised otherwise and much exhausted, but it is believed he will recover. The other child was a little girl. She was found in the attic of a house that had been washed from its foundations and was partly wrecked. She was much exhausted, but not qurt otherwise, and it is believed that she will also survive. She was kindly cared for by a charitable lady.

A RAVING MANIAC.

A short distance up Sawmill run, on the left bank, was a small frame house occupied by a family named Ferguson. At the time of the storm there was no one in the house but the mother, who was lying sick, and her daughter, a young lady. The tremendous current swept the house from its foundation. The neighbors could distinctly hear their cries for assistance, but the angry torrent would not permit even the most venturesome to attempt their rescue. The mother was drowned, and the daughter was found the following morning clinging to a small tree in the vicinity, a raving maniac, having become completely distracted at the heartrending cries of her poor mother for help.

At Sodom, five miles above Castle Shannon, there resided a family of five persons by the name of McLees. Their dwelling was carried away, and the whole family perished. Tuesday evening the bodies of the father and son were recovered, but no traces had then been found of the remaining members of the family. A man and wife and five children, residing near the above mentioned family, were also carried away by the torrent, and the father, with the smallest child in his arms, floated over four miles. Just when there was hope of safety and rescue for both, a log struck the infant on the head, killing it almost instantly. The remains of the little one were then released, and the father, relieved of his burden, succeeded in saving his own life.

STORY OF PATTON'S ROW.

Up Little Saw Mill Run are the coal mines of Bell & Hartley. A coal railroad leads to the mines, and on the track a large number of cars were standing at the time of the storm. A little below the track was situated what is called Patton's Row. It consisted of four houses in one block, occupied by four families. Those families were Thomas Hunter, his wife, two daughters and one son; James Britton, his wife and son; Isaiah Thorp, his wife, three sons and a daughter; Patrick McVey, his wife and two daughters—eighteen souls in all. The swelling water of the stream soon swept the coal cars from the track, and they came thundering down, one after another, and struck the doomed houses of Patton Row with a concussion like a hundred sledge hammers. At the same time the water commenced to rise in the houses at the rate of a foot every minute. The swiftness of the current and the darkness of the night cut off all hope of escape. The fathers and mothers gathered their little ones into the upper stories, and hardly had the piercing cries for help rang over the roar of the flood, when a mighty crash came, and the entire building was swept away with the force of the remorseless torrent. Not one soul out of the eighteen survived to tell the tale of the horrors of that night. Even the foundations of the building have disappeared. It would be hard to conceive of a more complete obliteration of four homes than the fate of the floods brought upon those of Patton Row. It was perhaps a merciful Providence that thus swept away the entire families with the destruction of all their earthly possessions, leaving no members behind to mourn over the desolation wrought by the march of the flood.

EXAMPLES OF HEROISM.

Among the many heroic acts reported are the exertions of Frederick Schultz, who resides on Iten street, high above the reach of the flood. Iten street runs from the hill to O'Hara street. Schultz heard the piercing screams of the drowning victims at his home, and rushing out attempted to make his way through the water to O'Hara street. Finding that impossible he swam down to Centre street, and made his way down nearly to Ohio street, where he found a skiff. Notwithstanding the swift current he made his way up to Centre street and Spring Garden avenue, and with the assistance of two or three other men who got into the skiff succeeded in recovering eleven bodies. His description of the scenes which transpired during the night were thrilling in the extreme. He it was who discovered the body of Officer Hess, who was drowned on Chestnut street. The victim was clinging to the corner of the house, and it was found necessary to drag the body away by main force, so tight was the death grip. The boat in which they were riding was caught in a terrible maelstrom and was whirled about with such violence that the occupants were forced to lie down in the bottom to save themselves. Fortunately the sweep of the water was changed, the floods having forced a channel through to the river. Then the wrecks of houses, board piles, and household goods began to sweep down, and victims clinging to them or struggling in the surging waters could be seen by flashes of lightning. On one occasion the body of a woman was seen on a pile of lumber. Mr. Schultz made a grasp as the pile swept by and secured the body. Several similar incidents occurred; but notwithstanding the efforts of the heroic crew they were not able to rescue a single one alive. When the waters had abated the crew were completely exhausted, and for a time it was feared that two of them would not recover.

But very little has been said as yet of the heroism and bravery displayed by old and young in their attempts to rescue helpless women and children in the darkness of that awful night. In times of great danger, when the lives of men, women, and children are alike in peril, it is natural for the strong to forget their own position and think only of safety for the weak. In the present instance it has proven literally so.

The first sacrifice was that of W. H. Humbert, familiarly called Willie Humbert, a young man of great promise, aged 25 years. He resided in Ohio street, secure and far from danger. Hearing of the flood he hurried to the scene, and the first that caught his eye was the form of policeman Hess struggling in the water. The young man plunged in, and with the aid of a plank rescued him, pulling him in through a window in the house of Peter Bolster. If they had stayed there they would have escaped. The windows giving way and the water flowing in so fast they had scarcely time to reach the upper story when they missed little August, Squire Bolster's five-year-old son. Humbert ran below, and catching a glimpse of the boy's struggling form without, he sprang through a window and grasped the child. He began to sink, and Hess, seeing his companion's danger, sprang out to save him; but the water swept him off his feet and both, with the child, disappeared beneath the walls of a floating building.

Perhaps among all those who were employed in the noble work of saving lives none were so successful as six young men of the Duquesne Boat Club, whose names are Geo. Shott, John Straub, Frank Brennon, Frank Gremart, and Chas. Metz. In their stanchly-built skiff, the Baby Anne, they rowed around rescuing struggling victims wherever they could see them.

One heroic act, which stands prominent among the rest, was the rescuing of a Mrs. Hoerr and her two children. The lady resided in that ill-fated portion of the town near Centre street, where so many lives were lost. The children were twins, aged five months. Early in the evening one of them had taken sick, and fearing it would die, the husband started for a minister to have it baptized. While he was gone the flood came, and the water rushing in the two-story frame house containing his wife and children, turned it over partly on its side. Realizing her grat danger, the wife with her darlings ascended to the attic. While clinging under a cornice of the roof, holding on fast to her children, the Baby Annie came along. The young men tried to reach her, but the height was too great.

A moment more and they would have perished. In an instant Straub and Brennan had mounted the roof of an adjoining building, and a moment afterward had the mother and babes in their arms. They were carefully lowered into the skiff, and in a few moments safely lodged in the house of a neighbor. The joy of the poor mother was doomed to be short-lived, for one of her infants died the next day.

An incident of more than usual interest took place near the top of the hill, between Butcher's and Spring Garden Runs. A family by the name of Offman, consisting of husband, wife and six children, occupied a small frame house in this vicinity. When the fury of the storm burst upon them, awaking them from their peaceful slumbers, no time for escape was left them.—Terror stricken, the drowning of all was imminent. Louis Steuernagel, the German warehouseman of J. M. Carson & Co., of this city, who lives at a distance of twenty yards from the Offmans, bethought himself of their danger. The waters were rushing in a torrent, but undismayed he went to the work of rescue, accompanied by a young German, Julius Mintz, a relative, recently arrived. Spite of the danger, often thrown from their feet by the force of the waters, they succeeded in making four trips, each time returning with a human life. The darkness was intense, and they were often compelled to arrest their footsteps to await the vivid flashes of lightning to discern their destination.

There were many other acts of heroism, but the heroes do not all survive to tell of their perilous deeds. The grave has claimed the greater part of them, and the joys of those rescued are embittered with the knowledge that their saviors were lost.

ANOTHER MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

This from the *Commercial:* If there are any miracles in these days the rescue of Mr. Baun, an elderly man living at Wood's Run, may be safely classed under that category. He is totally blind, and so, of course, would be supposed to have but a small chance of coming alive out of such a terrible ordeal as that through which the dwellers at Wood's Run had to pass. He was in the upper part of the house when the danger came upon it, and all the rest of the family were below. So suddenly did the flood come that almost in a moment the house was swept from its foundation and floated away. Those in the lower part of the house made their escape in some manner, but had not a moment in which to attempt the rescue of the old man up stairs and Mr. Baun floated away with the building. He groped his way to the window and sat down there and as the building floated along he shouted out of the window, in the hope that some friends might be within hearing: "Good-bye; I'm going down the river and shall never return."

The family of Mr. Thomas Bue were gathered in the upper room of his house, which stood directly in the track of the torrent. Their house stood firm and they were safe. They heard the voice of Mr. Baun approaching in the darkness, and called to know whose it was. He responded, and told where he was sitting. A few moments afterwards the floating house struck the corner of Mr. Bue's house, and swung around so that the window at which the old man sat was against the window at which were Mr. Bue and some of his family. They seized the blind man and immediately pulled him through the two windows. An instant later the Baun house was crushed to atoms, and that instant, had it not been for this apparent maracle, would have been fatal to Mr. Baun.

AFLOAT IN A CRADLE.

The crew of the steamer Storm reported Tuesday that a child had been found in a cradle floating in the Ohio river, at the head of Montgomery Island, thirty-two miles below the city. It was recovered by Mr. Allen, the father of Joseph Allen, the well-known river pilot, near the head of the Island, and to the surprise of everybody was alive and kicking. This is certainly the most miraculous circumstance that has occurred during the flood and would scarcely be believed unless vouched for by the crew of the steamer, who uniformly state that they had the story from Mr. Allen's own lips, who, as well as themselves, were unaware of the circumstances which consigned this waif to the care of one of the farmers of the Ohio Valley.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second in the air, 4,960 in the water, 11,000 in cast-iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,636 to 17,000 in wood.

Mercury freezes at 38 degrees Fahrenheit and becomes a solid mass, malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

Air is about 816 times lighter than common water.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 4,160 lbs. An ordinary size man, supposing his surface to be 14 square feet, sustains the enormous pressure of 30,340 lbs.

Heat rarifies air to such an extent that it can be made to occupy 5,500 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing is sufficent to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness to require a force of 38,000 pounds to produce a like effect.

During the conversion of ice into water 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

Water, when converted into steam, increases in bulk 18,000 times.

One hundred pounds of dead sea water contains 46 pounds of salt.

The mean annual depth of rain that falls at the equator is 96 inches.

Assuming the temperature of the interior of the earth to increase uniformly at the rate of 1 degree for every 45 feet, at the depth of 69 miles the degree of heat would be sufficient to fuse all known substances.

The explosive force of closely confined gunpowder is six and one-half tons to the square inch.

The greatest artificial cold ever produced is 91 degrees Fahrenheit.

Water obstructs about one-half of the perpendicular rays of the sun in 17 feet, and three-fourths in 34 feet, and less than one-thousandth part reaches the depth of 200 feet; hence the bottom of deep water is in total darkness.

INCLINATION VS. DUTY.—A correspondent of the Lewistown *Gazette* relates an Androscoggin legend, which has probably been mellowed by time, though the narrator says he could give the names, if he choose, as he knew the parties well in his boyhood. It appears that on a clear, cold, quiet morning, some fifty years ago, a family were seated around the table taking their breakfast when a rap was heard at the door, and, as the custom then was, the outsider was bidden to "come in," when a man past middle life entered, and after the usual salutation, seated himself in a chair. He was a neighbor, living some half a mile distant. He was asked to sit up and eat some breakfast, but he answered, "I don't suppose I ought to stop, for our house is on fire, and they sent me to tell you."

A RETURNING emigrant wagon passed through Cedar Falls, Iowa, last week, bearing the expressive and euphonious legend, "D—n the the grasshoppers."

A PIOUS DOG.

My father had a small and beautiful dog who rejoiced in the name of Fidelity. He differed from other good dogs only in being better than others, and in manifesting something that resembled religious sensibility, or a peculiar attachment to religious places, people and service. He attended family worship with a punctuality and regularity that the other members of the household might well have imitated, and certainly did not surpass. If a stranger were present—and much company visited our house—the dog's attention to him was regulated by his taking the lead or not in the religious worship of the household. If the visitor, at my father's request, conducted the worship the dog at once attached himself to his person, and when he departed the dog escorted him out of the village; sometimes going home with him to a neighboring town, and making him a visit of a few days. If the visitor did not perform any religious service in the house, the dog took no notice of him while there, and suffered him to depart unattended and evidently unregretted.

Such a dog was, of course, an habitual attendant on the public services of the church on the Sabbath. It required extraordinary care to keep him at home. Shut up in a room, he dashed through a window and was at church before the family. He was once shut up in an outhouse that had no floor. He dug out under the sill of the door, and was at church before the first psalm was sung. In church he occupied the upper step of the pulpit within which his master ministered. He lay quiet during the service unless other dogs below misbehaved, in which case he left his seat, and after quieting the disturbance resumed it. He was equally devoted to the weekly prayer meeting which was held from house to house, the appointment being announced on the Sabbath. He remembered the evening and the place, and was always present. As it was not agreeable to have a dog at an evening meeting at a private house, he was confined at home. The next week he went early, before the family had thought to shut him up, and waited for the hour and the people. He knew the names of the families where the meetings were held, and where they lived, and could have gone to any one of them on an errand as easily and correctly as a child. And the only knowledge he had of the place of meeting he got as the others did, by hearing the notice on Sunday. These habits of the dog were not the fruit of education. On the contrary, pains were taken to prevent him from indulging his religious preferences. He did not manifest a fondness for other meetings, or for any individuals out of the family circle except those whom he recognized by their habits of praying, as the people in whom he was especially interested.

My father was wont to relate many other anecdotes of this remarkable animal, and the relation of them always caused his eyes to fill with tears. He had a strong impression that there was something very mysterious about this propensity of the dog, and being himself a sternly orthodox divine, he never ventured to express the opinion that the dog had moral conceptions. But I always thought he believed so.—*From Under the Trees, by Samuel Irenæus Prime.*

A DISGRACEFUL GOAT.—There is an old goat owned on Lewis street which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last fourth of July they discovered that if they stuck a fire cracker in the end of a cane and held it at William, he would lower his head and go for them, and they have practiced the trick so much, that the goat will tackle any human being who points a stick at him. Yesterday noon he was loafing near the corner of Third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen came up and stopped to talk to a friend. They happened to speak of the sidewalk, when the corpulent citizen pointed his cane toward the goat and said, "That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town." The goat had been eyeing the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps and his head struck the corpulent citizen on the belt. The man went over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated butter kegs and abandoned hoop skirts, and the goat turned a sommersault the other way, while the slim citizen threw stones at a boy seated on a doorstep who was laughing tears as big as chesnuts and crying out: "Oh! it's nuff to kill a feller!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE SMALL BOY.—If there is any character in real life calculated to excite admiration it is the "Small Boy" who is forever getting into trouble by speaking out his sentiments. The last wise saying recorded of him is one which is said to have been uttered at a Sunday School festival. A teacher, wishing to improve the occasion, said to the boys. "Have you enjoyed these berries to-day?" "Yes, sir," "yes, sir," came up from all sides, with unmistakable heartiness. "Well, children, if you had seen these berries growing in my garden, and had slipped in through the gate without my leave and picked them from the vines, would they have tasted as good as they do now?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Why not?" "Because," said a wide-awake boy, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Aug. 7, 1874.

HON. R. MILLER SPEER is a candidate for nomination for Congress in his new district composed of the counties of Huntingdon, Fulton, Franklin, Perry, Juniata and Snyder, and has succeeded in securing the conferees from the last named county. Mr. Speer has a foeman worthy of his steel in the person of Hon. John A. Magee, the able and efficient editor of the Perry County *Democrat* and present member of Congress from the old Perry district. At the October election in 1872 Parkhurst's majority in the counties named was 1610.

WE learn from the Pittsburgh *Post* that delegates and others desiring to purchase excursion tickets over the Pennsylvania Railroad to attend the Democratic State Convention in that city, on the 26th of the present month, can procure orders for the purchase of the same by addressing Wm. P. Furey, Secretary Democratic State Committee, 717 Sansom street, or Jno. C. Barr, Merchants' Hotel, Philadelphia, free of charge. No excursion ticket can be obtained without an order, which must be presented to the agent at the station where the party proposes to get aboard the train, and no order for an excursion ticket will be recognized by conductors of trains, but full fare will be demanded.

WHEN the local option law was submitted to the people of the different counties of the State for their approval or rejection, Blair county, as well as several other counties, by a popular vote accepted it.—We do not question the honesty of purpose on the part of a majority of the voters of Blair, or any other county, in taking the law for what it is worth, but we may consistently ask, has its operation been in accordance with their honest convictions, or has it not been the very reverse? We have expressed our views on this subject very frequently and we still adhere to them.

Last week was the regular term of the Courts of Blair county, and from the report of its proceedings, it appears that almost *two-thirds* of its time was occupied in hearing and disposing of offences *against* the provisions of the local option law.—Judge Dean, as he was bound to do, enforced the penalties of the law, and deserves unanimous approval as a stern, upright judge. The fines imposed by the Court in Blair county against the violators of this law amounted to $1,150. The same report comes to us from surrounding counties in which the local option law has been adopted. We speak of Westmoreland, Indiana, and other surrounding counties. The law has proven to be a total failure, and all the experience of the criminal courts proves it to be so. Who is to be blamed for its non-enforcement?

The best and most efficient law for the bringing about of temperance reform is the existing license law. Let that law be enforced, as it ought to be, and there will be no need of any such an enactment as the local option law. It has been tried and is found wanting in all essential particulars.

We have always believed that the people of a judicial district are quite as competent to elect a President Judge of their Courts as a Governor can be to appoint one for them. The elective judiciary system has now been in existence in this State for a period of twenty-three years and has been found to work well. It is true that in a few exceptional cases men have been elevated to the bench who did not possess the requirements of an able, fearless and impartial judge. These instances, however, have been extremely rare—more so in our judgment than under the old system of appointment—and the judiciary of the State to-day commands the general respect and confidence of the people. That the system, in the very nature of things, pre-supposes the election of a judge by the political party having the ascendancy in a district is no argument against it, for the plain reason that when the Governor possessed the appointing power he invariably conferred the office on one of his political friends. No man's political opinion ever yet disqualified him for the bench, provided always he possessed all the other essential requisites to fit him for his high office. Any man competent to fill a judicial position must entertain certain political opinions, but in his official capacity he is supposed to have cast them aside and to know nothing of the parties litigant before him, but only to administer the law applicable to the case.

We have been led to make these remarks from the singular course pursued by a candidate for President Judge in a neighboring county. He originally announced himself a candidate "subject to the selection of the next Democratic County Convention." This was manly and honest, and gave the people plainly to understand his position. His competitor for the nomination defeated him in the convention, whereupon he forgot that he had solicited a *political* nomination, and declares, in a card announcing himself as an independent candidate, that "the office of President Judge is not *political* and should not be controlled by either *political parties* or Rings." There is a wide distinction between his first and last position, and it is a self-contradiction to suppose that he could honestly have assumed both. If he had said that he was still a Democrat, but that if elected he would honestly discharge the duties of the position in rendering exact justice to all men, he would have preserved his self-respect and be more likely to receive a popular verdict. It is no more honorable in a candidate for judicial or civil office to stultify his former well known political convictions in his wild hunt after office than it is to go before the people under a false or neutral flag.

The Third Term.

Whether or not Grant is seeking a renomination, and from what source, for a third term, are questions which are just now to a considerable extent engrossing the attention of the public press throughout the country. That there is no constitutional prohibition against the election of a President for a *third*, or for any indefinite number of times, is an admitted fact, if the people see proper to do so. All the traditions of the country, however, are opposed to it; and the uniform example of all our former Presidents has caused it to be recognized as common law on the subject, that no man, however great may be his merits, ought to be entrusted with the office more than two terms. Only *seven* of the Presidents have been re-elected a *second* time, viz: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant, all the others having been limited to a single term. Will Grant be made an exception to this time-honored rule and will the line of safe precedents be interfered with in order to gratify his own personal ambition? That is the question. So far as our observation has extended, the Republican press of the north and northwest do not endorse the project, and we do not recall any Republican paper in the north of any prominence, except the Washington *Chronicle*, which has given it any countenance or support. A few obscure country journals whose editors hold positions under Grant, together with the vast army of office-holders, look with favor upon the project, and will exert their influence to accomplish it. But still the fact remains, that all the great leading organs of Republican sentiment in the North are hostile to it. It is not to be disguised, however, that the movement has assumed a certain form and shape in some portions of the south, and, strange as it may seem, certain leading Democrats support it.

One would naturally suppose that the Southern people during the last four years had seen enough of the beauties of Grantism to have thoroughly disgusted them, and to cause them to pray that its bitter cup might pass forever from their lips.—The South owes nothing to the administration of U. S. Grant. That section of our common country has not been the political vineyard in which he has loved to labor. His bayonets have always been ready to bolster up the infamous and corrupt carpet-bag governments which have cursed and plundered that Ireland of America.—The present condition of bankrupt South Carolina and prostrate Louisiana speak trumpet-tongued against Grant and his administration. And yet, in view of the past, even General Kemper, the present Democratic Governor of Virginia, in a recent letter to John S. Mosby, the celebrated Virginia guerilla chieftain during the rebellion and now the intimate personal friend of Grant, avowed himself in favor of electing Grant for a third term, on the flimsy pretext that he (Grant) was opposed to the Civil Rights bill. That bill, which was Charles Sumner's legacy to the radical party, passed the Senate, but was strangled in the House by the very political demagogues who profess to be the especial friends of the negro. The bill never came before Grant for his action, and it is simply begging the question for Gen. Kemper to assume that if it had he would have *vetoed* it.

General Gordon, one of the United States Senators from Georgia, is represented as saying, based upon his intimate personal intercourse with Grant, that Grant does not ask nor expect a nomination from the Republican party, but that he is organizing a *third* party, having its prominent adherents in the South, to nominate him as the *people's* candidate. This would seem, from what we have said, to have in it more truth than poetry. The idea is absurd and preposterous, and Grant will very soon find it to be so. The square issue must and will be between the two leading political parties of the country. It has always been so in the past and will be so in the future. Our conviction, whatever it is worth, is that James G. Blaine, away down from the State o Maine, will be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, and that Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, a true and able exponent of Democratic principles in all their integrity and application to the successful administration of the Government, will be his Democratic opponent. The country in the meantime, however, will watch this *third* movement programme with keen solicitude.

As an evidence of the bitter opposition to Grant's pretensions or ambition, we publish below what the leading Republican paper in the *loyal* State of Massachusetts, the Boston *Advertiser*, has to say on the subject of a third term. The editor of that paper simply endorses public opinion when he says:

"It is sincerely to be hoped that no such disease affects the ambition of the occupant of the White House, for, if it does, he will be likely to have an experience of unpleasant mortification by and by. The American people sometimes consent to unprecedented things, but there must be unprecedented reasons for doing so. The idea that they will sanction an attempt in the present condition of the country to continue the same Administration through three terms is preposterous. No matter what the President's merits, and no matter what office-holders may be willing to do, the people will veto any such aspiration. The scheme could not be forced through a party convention without disrupting it, and if it were consummated in convention, a way would be found to stamp the act with popular condemnation."

THE case of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher drags its slow length along in all its repulsive nastiness before the investigation committee of Plymouth church, Brooklyn. The one man who, from his intimate personal relations with all the parties implicated in the scandal, Francis D. Moulton, can untie the Gordian knot, refuses to appear before the committee and testify unless both Tilton and Beecher request him to do so. He denies that Mr. Beecher has asked him to appear and testify. The committee expected to finish their labors yesterday, and it would be premature to express any opinion until their report is published.

Natural History Made Over.

ISAAC HITCHHARD BROMLEY ON THE CHIRRUPING GRASSHOPPER.

Comes this way now on lifted wing, with fiery lightnings in his eye and the cereal crops of six counties of Minnesota in his cranching teeth, the wild, unbridled grasshopper of the West. A jerky bird is the grasshopper. He folds himself up like the jackknife, releases himself like an arrow from a bended bow, propels himself over large spaces and subsists on the country he covers. He assimilates the people to himself. When he alights upon the field the farmer looks for his crop, and behold, like the grasshopper which has passed, he has *autumn*. For sociability and gregariousness there are few wild fowl like the grasshopper. He moves in battalions at company front, and whenever there's one there are a million. Standing on the ground his knees overlook him like a step ladder, and his *tout ensemble* is that of an overloaded wheelbarrow. He has the unbounded stomach of a weekly story paper for cereals, and when he has cleared up the standing crops of a county or a State, he skips to the next, picking his teeth as he goes, and there gathering himself in mass convention, he follows the fashion of the time and "points with pride" to the record of the past. The youth of our country call him indifferently the grasshopper and the hoppergrass, and say "Shoo!" at him as he goes by. The hardy Utah pioneer gently untangles the legs of him from his hair and whiskers, and covers him with a No. 13 boot; the guests at Townsend's Hotel in Salt Lake City hears him through all the silent watches of the night rush into the window as one who has been sent for from afar, and drop with a thud into the washbowl; and the Digger Indian gathers him in trenches and barbecues him for the noonday meal.

And this way he cometh. The hour when he shall appear in one immense moving column at the upper end of Fifth avenue, and take up his march down Broadway with a platoon of mounted police in front, and an escort from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, no one can tell. Let us not speak unkindly of the grasshopper. He has his faults; but who has not? If we may believe the confession of Mr. John A. Logan and the thirty-eight other leading statesmen who recently issued an address, even the Republican party is not without them. Let us remember that the grasshoppers are formidable; that in several counties in the West they are in power; that they have administered affairs in those counties as the Administration party has in South Carolina, with great energy; and that they are now sitting on their hind legs in the southeastern section of the State pointing to the past with pride. There are worse things in the world than grasshoppers, and upon the whole we should be grateful to the grasshopper. How much more comfortable the grasshopper than a great fire or water spout, or than a District or a Custom House Ring. Says Mr. Logan concerning the party in power, which in many respects is not unlike the grasshopper: "The faithful servant will not submit to be treated as a faithless one. If so treated, he himself will become faithless, or he will give place to one who is faithless." The advice is wise. The whole country has not been devastated by the grasshopper or the Administration. A few counties in Minnesota by one, and South Carolina and one or two other States by the other. Let us not speak unkindly of the Administration lest it devastate the whole country; and let us be tender toward the grasshopper lest he plume himself for a wider flight and swarm down upon the Atlantic coast with the appetite of a scalawag and the maw of a carpet-bagger.

Against the grasshopper all carnal weapons are powerless. Gov. Davis of Minnesota knew this. So when he heard that in six counties of that fertile State the grasshopper had convened he telegraphed the War Department for $8,000 worth of rations in lieu of the $8,000 worth of arms due the State. Whether the arms had been called for on account of the grasshoppers we are not told, but Gov. Davis was wise in making up his mind that with the present style of musket issued by the department it would be idle to encounter the grasshopper in his wrath. With great discretion he gave up the fight before it began, and called for rations—a supply train to follow in the rear of the invader and ameliorate the condition of his victims. Davis did what has come to be the prevailing habit of the politicians—called on the General Government for help at once. Not getting assistance from that quarter, he resorted to the County Treasurers; but those officials had more fear of the law than of the grasshopper, and at last accounts Davis was in a quandary what to do. Being so far off we are hardly competent to advise, but it seems to us that, this being a season of political conventions, it would do no harm to pass a series of resolutions to placate the grasshopper. They could do no possible harm, and might soften the heart of the grasshopper. It would not be a bad plan either, to try the effect upon the grasshopper of reading the address of the Republican Congressional Committee in front of him. If that would not drive him back nothing would.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE Norristown *Herald*, published in the county in which General Hancock was born, denies emphatically that he is a candidate for the Presidency, and further declares that he has never sought, and does not now seek a nomination for any political office. Perhaps no Democrat in the whole country has warmer or more enthusiastic friends than General Hancock. This is especially the case in Pennsylvania, his native State. Brilliant as his war record has been, he gave conclusive evidence as Military Governor of Louisiana and Texas that he possesses statesmanlike qualities of a very high order, and if elected to the Presidency would doubtless administer the affairs of the government with safety and ability. As a general rule, our military Presidents have not proven a success. General Jackson was an exception, from the fact that he had filled a high judicial position in Tennessee with acknowledged honor and distinction. General Harrison's official life as chief magistrate was so brief that no intelligent estimate could be formed as to what would have been the ultimate result of his administration. General Taylor's Presidential career lasted only sixteen months, and was highly creditable, for the reason that his Cabinet was composed of the most eminent men of the Whig party. What Grant has been is only two well known to need elucidation.

GEORGE BERGNER, Esq., editor of the Harrisburg *Telegraph* and Postmaster of that city, died on last Wednesday evening. Mr. Bergner was a practical printer in his early days, and was well known throughout the State as an active and influential member of the Republican party. His special-ty as an editor, however, was his blind devotion to the political fortunes of Simon Cameron.

Home Rule in Ireland.

The British House of Commons decided by a majority of more than 10 to 1 that it would not even go into the Committee of the Whole House "to consider the present Parliamentary relations between Great Britain and Ireland," thus refusing to even seriously discuss the proposition "that it is expedient and just to restore to the Irish nation the right and power of arranging all *exclusively* Irish affairs in an Irish Parliament." It is easy to see that in the London newspaper press there is a grave doubt whether a wise thing has been done in thus overwhelming by the brute force of numbers one of the most growing propositions afloat in the political world, and especially wherever there is faith in man's capacity to govern himself. There is much exultation and shouting in London over the easy discomfiture of Mr. Butt, but one who reads between the lines sees that it is hollow and trembling.

A week before the debate came off the *Economist* and the *Spectator* sounded the alarm on the same day as if by concert. The former declared that "there is hardly a people in Europe less qualified to govern themselves well through a Parliament than the Irish, if left alone." It denied that the Irish had the capacity for Parliamentary management of their own exclusively local affairs. In the second place, it asserted that Home Rule, beside crippling Great Britain, would ruin Ireland.

The *Spectator* insisted that an elected legislative body to manage local Irish interests implied the full and legal establishment of Catholic ascendency, that Protestanism would be proscribed, and a religious war then result, in which England would be compelled to interfere in behalf of the minority. The *Spectator* candidly admitted that Ireland had many grievances, and that English-made law is regarded there with hostility, but all must be endured if incurable by no other means than local self-government.

These articles and a similar one in the *Times* gave the key-note of the debate in the House of Commons. The admissions they contain are pregnant. They admit that Ireland is misgoverned, and discontented because misgoverned. There is no pretence of cheerful, devoted loyalty to the British Government on the part of the five millions and more of Irish. The Union is an enforced, and not a voluntary bond. They deny that those five millions of British subjects are fit for and capable of self-government. They fly in the face of religious equality. The *Spectator* turns to America for aid in its conclusions, and insanely declares that with us "it is doubtful whether the Protestants would remain at peace within a State which was permanently and faithfully Catholic." The gist of the allusion is that in the United States a State faithfully Catholic would be denounced as unrepublican, and that a Catholic majority in Maryland, for example, would be forcibly restrained by the Federal Government. By such rubbish was the House of Commons to be terrified into stamping out a proposition to permit Ireland to govern herself in the British Union as New York governs herself in the American Union.—*N. Y. World.*

A CURIOUS MAN.—For the past day or two there has been in this city a colored man who presents in himself a queer physiological freak. He is thirty-four years of age, thick set, of medium height, of fair intelligence, and was born in Manchester, England. He gains a livelihood by exhibiting himself to physicians. His abdomen is naturally full, but at will, without the use of his hands, he gives it a wave-like motion, and it gradually sinks in as if being wound up, until it apparently rests close against the back-bone and he presents the appearance of a man with no abdomen, and then in the same manner he rolls it out to its original form. He then drops from under his ribs a duplicate set of ribs, with a breast-bone, when the original ribs and the duplicates can be distinctly felt and counted, and the whole front of the body is, as it were, iron-clad. Or, at will, he apparently drops his heart from its natural position some twelve inches, puts it back and sends it to the right side of the body, opposite its natural position, put it back and sends it to the lower part of the body on the right side, thus putting it in four different positions During these changes the two sounds of the heart can be distinctly heard in either of these new positions, and not where they usually are heard. It seems to be necessary, however, that after each change it should go back where it belongs before being sent to a new quarter. He also has the power to stop the beating of his heart at will from five to ten seconds at a time, the pulse stopping at the same time. He seems also to have consideration strength, easily bending by a blow on the arm a heavy iron cane which he carries. Several of our prominent physicians have examined him, from one of whom we have obtained these facts, and pronounce him to be the greatest curiosity in physiology they have ever seen or heard of.—*Providence Journal.*

CAN DOGS TALK?—In the fall of 1861 my son, Sidney G——, entered the Federal army, leaving behind him two favorite dogs both of whom greatly lamented his absence. He was soon captured by the enemy and held a prisoner until the spring of 1862, when he was exchanged, and on returning to his command came past the old homestead in the country, in Bollinger county, Mo. Both the dogs happened to be about 300 yards from the house, barking up a tree at a squirrel. After some time, however, the smaller one became tired and came to the house, the large one remaining at the tree. The little fellow came bounding into the room where his young master, who had been so long absent, was sitting, an recognized him and of course had quite a taking on over him. The pleasure of once more meeting his kind master was too great to be enjoyed all alone; so he quickly turned his course in the direction of his companion in the woods, and in full speed made his way to the tree, and communicated to the large dog the fact of his young master's arrival home; when, in an instant, both the dogs were making for the house with all their might, the larger one, who had remained at the tree, taking the lead, and not slacking his speed until he bounded into the room where Sidney was. The strange part of this story consists in the fact that the small dog not only communicated to the large one the fact that Sidney had come home, but in some way told him the identical room in which he would find him, as he ran around the house and in at the very door where Sidney was sitting, without ever halting or ever turning his head towards several other doors which he had to pass in making the circuit.—*St. Louis Globe.*

THE New York *World* says that "the Democratic party will exchange Pennsylvania, joined to its protectionist idols, for the Great northwestern States, devoted to free trade." This, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, is a very free and easy way of trading one bird in the bush for another bird in the bush. There is not one of the Northwestern States more certain to elect the Democratic ticket put in nomination this fall than Pennsylvania; and while the tariff question will not be made an immediate issue, there are few States in the union more favorable to tariff reform than Pennsylvania. The *World* goes to Kelley's speeches for its ideas of Pennsylvania politics, and its knowledge is as shallow as the source from which it is obtained.

A STRANGE STORY.—In the upper part of Placer County, Cal., in a narrow valley some distance from Lake Tahoe, and so out of the way that its existence is scarcely known, lives a Norwegian family named Gumbub, who immigrated to this State from their Scandinavian home some ten or twelve years ago. Their oldest son, at the time of their arrival a man nearly thirty years of age, was a dwarf, having received an injury in early life that arrested his growth. To look at him one would suppose that he was a child of not more than ten or twelve years, except for the mature look on his face and his unusual smartness and intelligence. Little Dols and his parents had long since given up the hope that he would ever attain the stature of a man; but the boy or man could not help feeling keenly disappointed, and frequently remarked that if he could not be like other people he did not want to live. Nothing was thought of it, however, and no one suspected that he would endeavor to make away with himself.—Early last fall Dols disappeared, and after much search he was given up for lost.—Nothing was heard of him for some two months and the family had settled down to the belief that he had wandered away among the mountains and been lost, or that a grizzly had made a meal of him. In the latter part of November a party of prospectors in following up a small canyon on the headwaters of the south fork of the American River to the eartern part of El Dorado county, discovered a small cavern, and in exploring its recesses found the wasted form of a child, who was so nearly dead when found that he could give no account of himself, but before long recovered sufficiently to tell who he was, though he was still unable to tell anything about how he came to be there, all recollection of the preceding two or three months having faded from his mind. And now comes the strange part of the story. Taken to his home and tenderly cared for he rapidly recovered and began at once to grow with great rapidity. When our informant saw him it was only six months after the rescue, and he had already attained the stature of a full-grown man. A thick beard, nearly two inches in length, covered his hitherto smooth face, and his voice, which had always retained the piping treble of childhood, had changed to a deep, sonorous bass. The case is an interesting one, well worthy the attention of men of science, and to them we will leave the solution of this singular transition

A STRANGE CASE.—*An Innocent Man Serves Seven Years in the Penitentiary.*—A pardon was recently issued by Governor Taylor, of Wisconsin, to James B. Carter, who has spent over seven years in Waupun on a life-sentence for murder, of which he was convicted largely on his own admission, at the LaCrosse county Court in 1867, but of which, it now appears, he was innocent. He was living with a shoemaker named Ira B. Wheeler, in Pepin county, Wisconsin. He and his wife differed, and she was regarded as quite loose. Quarreling about some shoe pegs she brushed over with her dress while he was at work, she picked up a hatchet, struck him in the head and killed him. Carter, horror-struck, saw the deed, and attempted to fly, but threats of accusing him of the murder and persuasion induced him to stay and help hide the body. Suspicion was aroused, and both were arrested. On the plea that by confessing the guilt himself he could secure Mrs. Wheeler's discharge, and then her testimony, with other influences, could be used to secure his release, he was induced by counsel to admit the crime. Both, however, were convicted. The woman's discharge was secured by a writ of error on technical grounds, and Carter sent to the State prison. His brother has persistently labored to prove Carter innocent and secure his release, and has left for Waupun with a free pardon granted by the Executive on a mass of documents showing the above facts, the man's good conduct in prison, etc. The official statement of the reasons for the pardon relates that the record showed the man was made a victim of the woman Wheeler and her friends, and pardon is recommended among others by the Judges who sentenced him, the District Attorney who prosecuted, and five of the jurors, several of the witnesses for the State, county officials, and nearly six hundred citizens of Pepin.

THE STORY MISS ANTHONY TOLD HER BROTHER.—Col. Anthony, brother of Miss Susan B. Anthony, told the Leavenworth correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, the other day, that he first heard the scandalous story from the lips of his sister in Washington about one year ago. Miss Anthony then told him that she was a guest in Tilton's house when a violent domestic scene occurred. She retreated to her own room to avoid it, and was presently followed by Mrs. Tilton. The two women bolted the door, placing the bedstead against it to keep Mr. Tilton on the outside. Mr. Tilton accused his wife of adultery with Beecher, and she replied with the accusation that he had procured an abortion for a young lady of Brooklyn whom he had seduced, calling the lady by name. That night Miss Anthony and Mrs. Tilton slept together, and during a conversation the latter, in seeming mental distress, imparted the secret of a guilty intrigue with Beecher. Miss Anthony asked her how she came to yield to Beecher's advances, and if he used force, to which Mrs. Tilton replied that no force was used, she yielding without knowing why she did so. She averred that Beecher treated her with the kindness he would a child. She resolved many times to yield no more, but as often her good resolutions failed. This is the whole substance of Miss Anthony's story as related to her brother. He is of the opinion that his sistar will not testify in the case unless compelled to do so in court.

A WORCESTER RAT STORY.—This story is from the Worcester (Mass.) *Gazette*: Messrs. Clark, Sawyer & Co., of this city, are much annoyed by the depredations of a colony of large gray wharf rats, which were probably imported in crates of crockery. Some days since they set a trap for them, the trap being of wire, in shape of a hemisphere, and holding a peck or more. Next morning, on going to the trap, it was found entirely filled with bits of straw and paper, which littered the floor of the room so full that nothing else could be seen. On examination, however, six large rats were discovered in the trap, and it was apparent that after they were captured those outside had thus filled the trap for the purpose of concealing them. The parties in the store suspected a trick, and the trap was cleaned and reset, and all the litter was removed from the floor and piled at one end of the room. The next morning five more rats were found in the trap, and it was packed full of rubbish as before. The straw and paper were broken in small fragments, and it was apparent that the rats had gathered it and crowded it through the openings in the trap until it was full, and the captured ones were entirely concealed.

HENRY K. BOND, of Jefferson, Maine, was cured of spitting blood, soreness and weakness of the stomach by the use of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* internally

A WANT has been felt and expressed by physicians for a safe and reliable purgative. Such a want is now supplied in *Parsons' Purgative Pills.*

News and Political Items.

—Victor Emmanuel is entitled to the knife as the ugliest man in the world.

—Two men will stand trial for murder next week in Sunbury, each for killing his brother-in-law.

—They found a dead monkey in the middle of a barrel of sugar in Belmont, Nev., the other day.

—The kidnapping business has extended to Lowell, Mass., where the twin daughters of a citizen have mysteriously disappeared.

—In Harrisburg, on Saturday, Bill Freeman, a negro, aged 20 years, committed a rape on a little colored girl named Yellets, aged only 8 years.

—A Philadelphia girl who is summering at Long Branch is a great driver, and can bring up a 5-cent piece nine times out of ten in twelve feet water.

—One McDermott, a Catholic priest, has disappeared from Anoka, Minn., under circumstances which suggest that he has been murdered for his money.

—A graduate of the Pittsfield, Mass., High School, who had both his arms amputated in infancy, has learned to write a good hand with his mouth.

—The total number of lives lost by the flood at Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, so far as known, is 133. The damage to the streets and sewers is $50,000.

—Judge Bank, of Jonestown, Lebanon county, claims to be the possessor of the original rifle of Daniel Boone, of Kentucky pioneer fame. Boone was a native of Berks county.

—Two Michigan families lately celebrated with much rejoicing the union of their houses in matrimonial alliance, the contracting parties being respectively aged twelve and thirteen.

—On Monday morning last, while Miss Minnie Brew, of Bellefonte, was kindling a fire in her father's house her clothes were set on fire, and before they could be torn off her, she was burned in a shocking manner.

—An old man seventy years of age, by the name of Gundy, committed suicide on Saturday last, at the residence of his daughter, near Greenfield, Mercer county, by shooting himself through the head with a revolver.

—Walworth, the murderer, has been transferred to the asylum for insane prisoners by the New York authorities. There may have been something in the plea of insanity urged by Charles O'Connor in defending this young man.

—A miser is just dead in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He left $1,600 in greenbacks, $50 in gold, and a $150 watch in one trunk; $325 in gold in another, and some $5,000 secreted elsewhere. He also left an estate worth $10,000 in Muscatine.

—In Lockport a horse, owned by a farmer three miles out of town, trotted alone into a blacksmith shop, where he had been shod the day before. He was lame, and on pulling off one of his shoes it was found that a nail had been driven so as to hurt his foot.

—Mr. Stephen Peer, a life-long native of the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, was formerly a painter, next a hack driver, and is now a rope-walker. He is thought there to be the peer of Blondin, and thousands gather to see him fall into the abyss, but he never does.

—Mr. Range, of Hanover, went blackberrying the other day and counted the berries as he picked them, it taking 8,000 berries to fill his basket. On measuring them he found he had eleven quarts,—so it takes just 727 York county blackberries to make a quart.

—The Brooklyn *Eagle* says: Victoria Woodhull was born at Selingsgrove, Pa., and her father, Brick Claflin, could beat any man at Harrisburg, or along the river, in "flipping a jack," with art and deftness, whatever that may mean. Perhaps some of our old settlers will understand it.

—In Syracuse, recently, a man, while suffering from nightmare, walked out of a third-story window into the Onondaga creek, beside which the house was built. He fell a distance of thirty-six feet into about six inches of water, but beyond suffering a few bruises he was not hurt.

—Eleven persons belonging to a workmen's excursion party from Bristol, England, went out for a trip on the bay off Teignmouth. The boat, which was overloaded, capsized, and four women and one man were drowned. At the inquest a verdict of manslaughter was returned against the boatman.

—Henrietta Wabel, aged fifteen, has been arrested for setting fire to a room in a hotel at West Farms, New York, where an infant was sleeping at the time. She confessed the crime, saying that she wanted to see the baby "burn up." It is believed she is afflicted with a mania resembling that of young Pomeroy.

—When Miss Ella Johnston drove a burglar from her residence in Wellsville, Pa., not long ago, an appreciation of her heroism made her friends give her a handsome revolver. Now comes the news that, while firing at a mark with the testimonial weapon, Miss Johnston has accidentally shot and killed a girl companion.

—A red monster crossed with black, 40 feet in length, has been seen near Placerville, Cal. It was lying in a hollow on the side of a hill, its jaws distended, and its bifurcated tongue protruding. Its motion was slow and undulating, and crushing everything beneath it, it left a track in the grass similar to the swathe of a mower.

—Mrs. Elijah Froneheiser, an aged woman living at Slatington, Lehigh county, was burned to death on Sunday last. While engaged in preparing breakfast, she was seized with an epileptic fit, and fell upon the stove. She was alone in the house at the time, and being entirely helpless was roasted to death before the accident was discovered.

—Paul Boynton has been hired by a New York inventor to advertise a life-saving dress. Boynton will be carried from New York by an outward bound steamer two hundred miles from land, when he will be left until picked up by a passing vessel. He will carry in a rubber bag rations for one week and signal lights and flags, with a sectional staff twelve feet long for raising them.

—The abducted child, over whom the Philadelphia police have been so considerably exercised, and whose fate is yet in the land of uncertainties, is an interesting study to all newspaper readers. The daring abduction of this child from one of the most crowded districts in a great city and the immunity enjoyed by the kidnappers presents a phase of American social life in camparison to which social scandals sink into insignificance.

—Poor Pinchback is a squeezed orange. At the municipal election held in New Orleans on Saturday to elect delegates to the republican state convention in Louisiana Pinchback was run for chairman of the state central committee against Marshal Packard. Although backed by Collector Casey, Pinch was beaten out of sight, only carrying one ward in sixteen. Casey probably sold him out. He is of no further use to his late employers.

—A dispatch from Aurora, Ind., announces the burning of the steamer Pat. Rodgers near that place on Wednesday morning last, and says that about twenty lives were lost, principally ladies. A spark dropped from a pipe which one of the deck passengers was smoking, is believed by some to have ignited the cotton on board and thus led to the catastrophe, while others think it was the work of an incendiary. The boat was valued at $60,000 and insured for $37,000.

—Making merchandise out of misfortune has not usually been called a cardinal virtue. But the potato bug is going to be turned to good account, they say. The insects possess qualities like those of the Spanish fly, and a chemical manufacturing firm in Indianapolis has received an order for a thousand pounds of the farmers' pest.

—Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana, has signed the death warrants ordering the execution on 21st of August. In the parish of Assumption, of five men who in April murdered and robbed Elisha Eastwood, an old flat boatman, in that parish, for money. The names of the condemned are Anderson Perry, John Ross, Antoine Morie, James Williams and James Roberts. One is a white man, two are so light as to pass for white, one is a mulatto, and one a negro.

—It is said that nearly two hundred people in the city of New York live on the break for the purpose of rendering fat by slaughter-houses and drinking the warm blood of animals. At first the taste is repulsive, but in a short time the drinker of the ensanguined fluid becomes fond of it. Consumptives drink the warm blood as a means of prolonging their lives, and many testify that their existence has been prolonged for many years by partaking of it regularly, and that it has become a positive luxury.

—Great quantities of grasshoppers have appeared in Western and Southwestern Kansas, and are destroying everything. They are rapidly moving eastward, and in Minnesota in myriads, and will do great damage to reach Wisconsin, perhaps Illinois, before the flying season is over. All the destruction the late comers can now do is to lay their eggs, which will hatch out millions of the devastating insects next year. It is deemed certain that other States than Minnesota will complain of the scourge this year, and if the clouds of insects now on their present movement, even central and eastern States will not escape.

—The first locomotive that ran on a railroad on this continent was imported into England by the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company; was ordered in England by Horatio Allen, assistant engineer; was shipped from Liverpool, April 3, 1829, on the packet ship John Jay; arrived in New York 17th of May, 1829; was sent up the river to Roundout, and arrived there in July, 1829; from thence was transported by canal and arrived at Honesdale in 1829, and on the 8th of August made a trial trip. This locomotive was the Stourbridge, England, and the locomotive now in use at Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

—Henrietta Bowers, a child three years old, is a prisoner in the West Chester jail, on a charge of attempting to poison the family of Benjamin J. Webb, of New Garden township. Miller, his wife and two persons became very sick soon after dinner on the 27th inst., and a physician who attended them pronounced it a case of poisoning. The girl, when on being questioned, confessed that she had mixed arsenic with the food, from a package she had found in the house. Fortunately she used too much of the mineral, or the result might have been fatal. No cause is assigned for the extraordinary conduct of the child.

—The latest Virginia sensation is a terrible murder. The victim was shot in his own house by men in ambush. The neighbors of the murdered man have been arrested on the information of a negro, who alleges that they paid him to help them in disposing of the body. In order to conceal their own guilt they induced the negro to hide himself in the woods, evidently intending to direct suspicion on him in case the murder should be discovered. Suspicion of their intention dawned on the negro's mind, and not wishing to be offered up as a victim for others' crime, he denounced two of the murdered man's neighbors as the assassins.

—A woman was arrested in Buffalo a few days ago for walking on the track of the Central Railroad. This is the first case brought, at least for a long time, under the almost forgotten law of 1850, which provides that "it shall not be lawful for any person, other than those connected with or employed upon the railroad, to walk upon the track or upon the railroad except where the same shall be laid along public highways or streets." The penalty is a fine of not more than $250, or one year's imprisonment. The Central company propose to see that the law is enforced, and as a result many "accidents" would be avoided if other companies would follow their example.

—The New York papers of last week contain a marvelous story about a girl fifteen years of age, who is possessed with a morbid mania for burning to death the infants she is employed to nurse, and who would at once be set down as insane if it were not that the incredible things she is said to be the ones most likely to happen these days. This child fiend is described as possessing in all outward appearance a gentle disposition and mild mannered, and, when first detected, she confessed her murderous designs with such frankness, and such evident ignorance of the nature of the crime, that little doubt is left of her insanity. The judge who examined into the matter has wisely ordered an inquiry concerning the mental condition, and it is one which ought to be promptly conducted.

—A special from Oak Bluffs, Mass., to the Boston *Advertiser* says: For some weeks there has been a good deal of scandal in connection with a Mr. Vinson, of Boston, and S. K. Elliott, of Worcester, who have occupied a cottage in company with two married women belonging to Edgartown. These men have been threatened with a coat of tar and feathers, and Vinson, fearing trouble left the island some weeks ago. Last night a party of men went to the cottage and called out Elliott. After a terrible struggle they forced him into a wagon, in which were a pot of tar and a bag of feathers. Elliott drew a revolver and fired twice, the second shot killing Caleb Smith, a brother of the two women. The report of the pistol frightened the horse which ran away and threw the whole party from the wagon. Elliott has not yet surrendered himself to the authorities, as intense excitement prevails here in consequence of the affair.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The latest case of circumstantial evidence, as it is called, recently occurred in Jersey City, and reads romantic. As the story goes, the body of a man, named James McCann, was found by the road with two bullet holes in the head. The police arrested one Frank Wagner on suspicion of being the murderer. The circumstantial evidence against him was very strong. He had been on the road at the time the pistol shots were heard. He had a bad character. He betrayed signs of guilt when arrested. He denied having killed out, which was proved at once to be the truth. He had that night exhibited a roll of tol at a saloon close by the spot where McCann's body was found. Finally, the pocket-book let taken from McCann's head fitted into the chambers of the revolver discovered in Wagner's room. What stronger case could be made out against a prisoner? But suddenly a man comes forward; a butcher and innocent fish dealer, Thomas Brooks by name, who tells how McCann met his death. Brooks was driving into New York with a load of fish, when McCann sprang into the wagon and attacked him. Brooks struck him twice and passed on, ignorant that he had hit him and thinking he had left him from the wagon. The mystery is solved, but if Brooks had not told the truth would Wagner have escaped hanging?

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - AUG. 7, 1874.

Announcements.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

JACOB S. KEIL,

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP,

subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized by Mr. NATHANIEL HORNE, to announce his name as one of the candidates for Assembly from this district, under the provisions of the new constitution, and will, like all good citizens, submit and abide by the decision.

PROTHONOTARY.

The undersigned will be a candidate before the ensuing Democratic Convention for the office of Prothonotary of Cambria county, subject to the decision of the Democratic party, and hopes to receive, if worthy, the support of his party friends for that position.

A. J. CHRISTY.

June 5, 1874.

COMMISSIONER.

At the solicitation of a number of friends, the undersigned offers himself as a candidate for Commissioner, and having no doubt of success, and certainly none as to his willingness to discharge the duties of said office faithfully, he hopes to meet with favorable consideration of the approaching County Convention, to which alone he is submitted.

JOSUE D. PARRISH.

Carrolltown, July 22, 1874.

COMMISSIONER.

I claim the same inalienable right to be considered, as the case may be, for the office of County Commissioner that is possessed by every man. The subscriber hangs his name on the outer wall and declares his willingness to serve the "clear people" to the best of his ability, provided, and provided further, that the approaching County Convention shall place his name on the Democratic ticket.

JOHN SHARBAUGH.

Loretto, June 26, 1874.

FOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

THE NAME OF

WILLIAM McDERMITT,

of Washington Township,

is hereby presented by his friends to the consideration of the Democratic County Convention as a candidate for the office of Poor House Director of said county.

MANY.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

There, and the Other Place.

Court adjourned over until

—Droves of cattle and sheep passed through this week.

—The bathing season ends, according to law, 15th instant.

—The prisoners in Castle Banner, and Bail, are yet to hear from.

—Boring of the artesian well be commenced Monday next if all goes well.

—Candidates by the watch or on the stump, offices were in town on

Court.

Westmoreland county fair will be held October 20th and 30th and October

—A county complains of horse-stealing and out vigilance committees

—Tyro, a Blair county newspaper, was sold by the Sheriff on Monday last.

—Hugh, a youthful Wilmoreian, accidentally injured on Sunday last by

—Owen from a horse's

—Sugars at M. L. Oatman's, where you can get more for the same money than any store in Ebensburg.

—Summit church is fully eight miles from that name in this place, and yet we hear of church being over it.

—Dr. Blair's pony bit one of Johnny Hughes's fingers the other day while Johnny was trying to bridle the fiery steed.

—Rachel, Esq., a prominent Blair county lawyer, was on Tuesday admitted to practice in several Courts of this county.

—Mr. Wherley has commenced delivering his well-burned brick to customers, to general satisfaction.

—The house of Dixon, convicted murderer, was District Court on the 15th instant, will be arrived at next Monday.

—Messrs. Barker, two sons of A. A. Barker, Esq., have gone down to Johnstown to look at the scenes of their

—Not a case missed. It is said that Johnstown will black one's Maybe it should read

—A Pittsburgh coal miner named Conway, between one of the mine cars, on Tuesday last, and was killed.

—Mr. A. O'Brien, of Philadelphia, the Legislature last winter, is now in this two young sons, who Mr. Hamilton Seminary.

—Church has lost his cow another and she—ish well to find her. black and white spotted and five years old.

—Pa. R. R. conductor, and Beck, merchant tailor, Altoona, mutton Tuesday and

—Agent managed to scrape of ten dollars in a day the week at an expenditure of the amount. And still he ough to quit.

—Lots of horses were stolen from Altoona last Monthousands of that city have lately besides Local Option to for the time being.

—J. Bear, of Larimer's Station, wants Dr. John A. for breach of promise, bear to listen to the dehas been appealed to. Sarah Furnace, Blair co.,

—A chicken the other evenhe didn't wait on him, he has a ball in his breast end his earthly pilgrimage. party or parties who have no re- commandment but a for the 'flying dutchman,' lay Friday morning from one mile east of town. had enough. A Washington that the "huckleberry" section is so thin that to take in only $10,000 this yield, as against $10,015 last

—It look that has almost invacommunications of our "Bell" has interfered with her letter this week. Our press when her MSS. was

—An aged woman named Ellen Varin jail from Lilly's Station, charged with threatendwelling house of C. A. in that place. She is believed

—Indiana county Democratic nomination will meet next Monday. The State Convention will be appointed and Senatorial counand "if it be thought advisable Ticket will be placed in nomi-

—Some of this place on Wednesday found an envelope inside of which cent was dated 1807, something to his advantage at this office and paying for

—Some gentleman of this place re- other day, while speaking of a firm in Pittsburgh, that all to do is to send them a vial of they will forward you a package

—A fair exchange which is certainly.

—Two men named respectively Long and accidentally shot themselves while last week. They both live in and county, and if their guns had instead of common shot-guns as preachers would likely have got preaching a couple of funeral ser-

—Our good friend E. B. McCrum, Esq., senior editor of the Altoona *Tribune*, accompanied by his better-half, has gone to Colorado in quest of recreation for himself and physical improvement for his wife. May both be abundantly meted out to them.

—There is a rumor afloat that a party of capitalists are engaged in negotiating for a square of ground in the centre of town, with the view of erecting thereon a first-class hotel. When the enterprise approaches a head, if ever, we will have more to say about it.

—The accomplished Pittsburgh correspondent of the Johnstown *Tribune*, who occasionally writes for that sheet an account of the fashion, frolic, and fun characterizing the Smoky City, is a pilgrim, but not a stranger, in our midst, and will remain here during the heated term.

—The Clearfield *Republican* has recently been rehabilitated, enlarged and otherwise improved. It is the reliable Democratic organ of a reliable Democratic county, and that it has a reliable Democratic support is plainly evinced by its well deserved prosperity. May it ever be thus.

—The young man Leonard, who shot himself a couple of months ago at Lilly's station, has recovered to the extent that he is able to do an average day's work again.—He claims, we understand, that the bullet which came so near winding up his earthly career was prematurely discharged from a revolver which he was handling at the time the accident occurred.

—We have no doubt many of our readers will thank us for a valuable recipe, and here it is: *How to keep out of debt*—Buy all your dry goods and groceries at M. L. Oatman's, where much account is kept of every buyer but no accounts are kept against any of them, and where you will find nothing but the best of goods at lower prices than elsewhere in this "neck o' timber."

—On Saturday night last the building used a lock-up, at Gallitzin was set on fire by two men named Henry Spires and Matt. Burns. On Tuesday both parties were arrested and confessed to having committed the incendiary act. They were taken before Burgess Michael Fitzharris, of the same for a hearing and in default of bail were brought here and committed to jail.

—Our esteemed townsman, Mr. Peter L. Linton, of the Mountain House, who had been absent on sick leave for about four months, returned home last Saturday. His place of retreat was East Conemaugh, and it gives us pleasure to note that the breezes of that locality were potent enough in a hygienic point of view to restore him to us in a comparitively bran-new condition.

—Never get in debt to a store-keeper or "any other man," and especially to a storekeeper, because if you do you are all ungrateful creature if you don't henceforth buy from him when you have money and pay any price he demands. It is much better to buy your goods at M. L. Oatman's, where you cannot get trust, but where you can save at least 15 per cent. by investing the ready cash.

—A young man down town imagined he had the barber's itch, and asked a doctor for a prescription to meet the case. This is a copy of the prescription: "Take common bacon soda, squirt some water on the soda, mix, and then rub the stuff on the place where it itches. If this does not effect a cure, use the bacon soda as risin for bread and then eat the bread." Patent applied for.

—A beautiful new iron railing, the handiwork of Messrs. Shoemaker, of the Ebensburg Foundry, has been placed around the observatory on top of R. E. Johnston's fine residence. It is a handsome specimen of artistic skill, and like the iron railing in front of Mr. Ed. Humphreys' palatial home and all other work turned out at the Ebensburg Foundry, it reflects much credit on the manufacturers.

—A Johnstown correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Hibernian* says that "Mr. Will Hoerle cannot be surpassed in singing the Salutaris solo by Panlogiorzo." What Panlogiorza thinks about this statement has not yet transpired, but we venture to say that if it reaches his his ears he'll get as mad as a hornet, and the next thing we know he *Will Hoerle* that correspondent into the middle of next week or the week after.

—The belles and beaux of Ebensburg, or at least a goodly portion of them, "threw themselves away" completely in a delightful pic-nic in Lloyd's grove on Wednesday. Music, mirth, nonniching, and may hap matchmaking, made the merry moments madly memorable. Simon says he never enjoyed himself so much in his life, and as goes Simon in such an emergency so goes the other brave beaux, and of course the lovely lasses go with them in full force. Selah!

—Argument Court convened in this place at 11½ a. m. Tuesday, and remained in session, with proper intermissions until 10½ a. m. Wednesday. The business for the most part was devoid of interest to any but the parties concerned, the only matter of moment being the appointment of R. L. Johnston, Geo. M. Reade, F. A. Shoemaker, Dan'l McLaughlin, and Cyrus Elder, Esqs., as a committee to revise the present Rules of Court and report at the September term—a proceeding rendered imperative by certain provisions of the new constitution.

—A. V. Barker, Esq., third son of Hon. A. A. Barker, of this place, was on Tuesday afternoon last admitted to all the privileges of the legal profession, after having passed a thorough and most creditable examination on the part of R. L. Johnston, J. P. Linton, and W. Horace Rose, Esqs., a committee appointed by and acting in concert with the Court. As it don't seem possible for the world to wag without the aid of the legal profession—of which more's the pity—we hope Mr. Barker will soon be able to take a "full hand" at the wagging business.

—A gushing correspondent of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, who lately bought an accident policy and took a trip over the Pennsylvania Railroad, writes: "Having rounded the Great Bend, one of the greatest modern triumphs of engineering, and pierced the topmost peak by the longest tunnel on the line, we reach Cresson, on the summit of the Alleghany mountains, three thousand feet above the level of the sea." That is a matter of about eight hundred feet higher than any tourist on the same route ever attained, but the correspondent lived through it all, and his letter is marked at the end, "To be continued."

—The ladies' fair, under the auspices of the fair ladies of Loretto and vicinity, will open its doors on Monday, Aug. 24th, and not on the 18th, as has been incorrectly stated. The object of the fair is to aid in the erection of a pastoral residence in connection with the Catholic church at Loretto, and aside from the deserving purpose which prompts the project, it will be found attractive for its fine display and its pleasant associations. Miss Eda Pfoff, so gratefully remembered by our silver cornet band, and other ladies of like graceful and winning manners, have the enterprise in charge, and under such auspices it cannot fail of success. So mote it be.

—Munster township has a venerable citizen in the person of Mr. Joseph Noel, upward of seventy years of age, who we are reliably informed has been in Ebensburg but twice in his life, never was at Cresson, Summitville or Hemlock, never rode in a railway car, and has not been in Loretto since he attended his wife's funeral there some sixteen or eighteen years ago. Further than that, he never occupied the position of either plaintiff, defendant or witness in a suit at law, never served on a jury, and has passed his long and eventful life at peace with all the world and the "rest of mankind." He was born within a mile or two of his present habitation, and has resided within the limits of Munster township ever since, maintaining at all times the character of a good citizen and an honest man.

—The other day Johnstown man shot and killed eight squirrels. He thought it a big achievement, and paraded his game ostentatiously through the streets. Folks looked and wondered, and remarked what a good shot that fellow must be. But among the spectators was one who remembered that according to to an act of Assembly no blood of a squirrel shall be shed from spring-time till the first day of September. And this individual made information before the nearest Justice of the Peace, and the result was that the eventide found the exchequer of the Johnstown sportsman $40 lighter than at noon. He was fined $5 for each squirrel shot out of season. We make mention of this fact for the benefit of certain persons in this neighborhood who will persist in promiscuous shooting, regardless of the law on the subject.

A CORRESPONDENT'S VIEW OF EBENSBURG.—In the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* of last evening, says Wednesday's Johnstown *Tribune*, we find the following in relation to the capital of Cambria county. The correspondent reached Cresson in a rain storm and states that watering places do not look their best in this kind of weather. It was dreary, droppy and sloppy about the station and on the liberal platform. The idlers of the "Mountains House"—those children of the sun and fair weather—were not there, but instead, a disconsolate porter, who called out "Mountain House?" with an interrogative tone that sounded sepulchral, apologetic. The banner of the party accompanying him bore the legend "Excelsior," in large-sized white letters, shaded with red and yellow, and occupying five yards of muslin. It was so arranged that it could be converted into an illuminated transparency at night, there being holes bored in the cross-pieces where tallow dips could be inserted.

The letter-writer goes on to say that eleven miles of the crookedest road, giving one the sensation of moving on the thread of a cork-screw, but winding in and out amidst the liveliest of views, clean washed by still falling rain, brought them to their Mecca—Ebensburg, which is generally described as "a city set on a hill," and which cannot be hidden by anything on the Alleghany Mountains. He then proceeds to remark:

"This generation may not know it, but it is among the best recollections of the older generations, that Ebensburg is the county seat of Cambria county; that its Court House dates back to 1804, and still standing, serene, venerable and white like a New England meeting house. It is on the old northern turnpike, from the East to the West, and has not yet forgotten its old pre-eminence, when such parvenue towns as have sucked the riches of the great railroad and grown proud, were not even heard of. It has lawyers, and doctors, and ministers, and Judges, and Sheriff and jailors. A county town is a capital—it is the seat of empire. It is the fountain of justice. From its portals goes forth the law. Ebensburg has magnified her executive office, at least in respect to a jail. Not every county can boast of a $100,000 jail. Ebensburg can. Of this temple of justice I will say more hereafter.

"Besides four or five public houses in the village, there are two summer resorts here—one below the hill and one above it, both excellent, but for situation we preferred the one on the top. Belmont is the name in which it glories; our host is Shoemaker. For quiet efficiency he beats any landlord we ever met with. His modesty is a model to the head clerk of any first-class hotel. Oh! that they might catch and practice the virtues of this proprietor; but perhaps if he should ever become head clerk he might fall from the grace of humility, he gives no better than they. He wears no signet ring on his little finger, no diamond breastpin, no 'load' sleeve buttons, no conductor's watch-chain—in a word, is not 'got up to kill' by a glance, as are they. The house is surrounded by a large yard, shaded by shrubbery, and a belt of trees. The population consists, mainly, of women and children. Baby-dom and Babylon! Some times more sound than melody, but no matter, the future and all out doors is before them. The piazza looks like Fifth avenue, New York, at 5 o'clock; for all the world, carriages in a double stream up and down. At night it reminds one of a livery stable in Fairyland, to see all the carriages backed against the house."

HARRY WHITE'S RECEPTION.—The Indiana *Messenger*, the leading Republican organ of that county, gives the following as the speech of that prince of blatherskites, Harry White, on the occasion of his return to his home from Kittanning after the adjournment of the conference which nominated him for Congress:

FELLOW CITIZENS—I am profoundly grateful for this *unexpected* compliment, for although I telegraphed you that I was coming I did not think you would get the dispatch. It is a grateful acknowledgment from my friends and neighbors who have for so long a time kept me in a prominent and liberating position, and still persist in forcing upon me the arduous and responsible duties of public office, to which I am so averse. In the present canvass there has been a little unpleasantness, but that has passed and all is lovely. I have been victorious, but I have "no enemies to punish," for that has been already satisfactorily attended to. I have my enemies where I want them, and they must step into line for me as the nominee of the Republican party, whose principles I endorse well, but behall not object to weak-kneed Democrats voting for me. I have shown my willingness to sacrifice all my friends to obtain this nomination, and will consistently live up to my principles. Taylor has "gone up," Ramey has been set back, Crawford has retired, and Perry must yield to the force of circumstances. This is patriotic and "in this regard" all know that I have no superior. My aspirations are to serve my country, and I go forward, like Napoleon, to fulfill "my destiny." I love my native county; indeed I may say that it is the only county I have, and I highly appreciate the attentions and compliments showered upon me because of that nativity, and shall in the future, as in the past, endeavor to advance my own interests to my love for the same. If "higher honors await me" I shall accept them without a murmur. During the canvass I will more fully enlighten the people as to the debt of gratitude they owe me, and shall ask them in arriving at a just conclusion. It only remains for me to bid you good night, and (shaking his trembling right hand in a graceful curve over them) thank and bless you for your "faithful services. You have done well."

The *Messenger* represents the intelligence and moral force of Indiana county. It is unalterably opposed to White for Congress or anything else, and we gather from this that the chances of the retirement to private life of this political adventurer are brighter now than at any former period, not even excepting the time when a rebel bayonet thrust aimlessly into a ditch during the progress of a battle in Virginia came nigh creating a demand for a coffin or an extra pair of crutches. For a blessing like unto this, thank God and take courage!

—The Johnstown *Tribune*, in the course of an article descriptive of our mountain scenery, says: "On Johnston's hill, the highest point of the Alleghenies, distant nearly half a mile from the Summit, the excursion party of Turners from this city, on the 16th inst., will encamp. It is a beautiful grove, and a magnificent stretch of country fading away off into the blue and indistinct, is to be seen from this favored spot.—The Turners will take with them telescopes, opera-glasses, and spy-glasses, for the benefit of those who wish to bring the far-away nearer to their vision. The excursion will prove very interesting to the visitors who will attend the grand Turnfest and Volksfest. The music of the Great Western Band will also be highly appreciated by the people residing on the Summit." In this connection it may be remarked that an effort, which in all probability will prove successful, is being made to have a special train run from this point to Cresson on the day named, Sunday, the 16th instant. Should the arrangement be perfected, a large number of our citizens will doubtless make it convenient to be present on that occasion and take a hand in the festivities.

ROADS, HIGHWAYS, AND BRIDGES.—General Law No. 90, passed by the Legislature last winter, recites as follows:

AN ACT relating to the assessment of damages arising from the opening of roads and highways and the construction of bridges.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That hereafter it shall be the duty of all persons appointed in the several counties of this commonwealth to view and review any public or private road or bridge, if they shall decide in favor of locating said road or bridge, to endeavor to procure from the persons over whose land such location may be made releases from all claims for damages that might arise from the opening of such road or the building of such bridge; and in every case where said viewers shall fail to procure such releases, and it shall appear to them that any damages will be sustained, it shall be their duty to assess the damage and make report thereof, signed by a majority of their number, and return the same, together with all releases obtained, to the court of quarter sessions, and the damages so assessed shall be conclusive, or may be subject to appeal, review or modification, as may be provided by existing laws in the different counties of this commonwealth.

SECTION 2. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved the 14th day of May, A. D. 1874.

J. F. HARTRANFT, Governor.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woelflagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. E. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St. Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

AN ACT OF HEROISM.—It is twenty-five years since the circumstances herein narrated transpired, but the principal actor in the scene is still living in our midst, and as public mention has never been made of his act of reckless bravery, by which many lives were undoubtedly saved, we hereby place it upon record.

In the early spring of 1849, Mr. Enoch McGary, of Conemaugh borough, was employed in running cars on the old Portage Railroad, between here and Hollidaysburg, for Bingham's line. On the occasion to which we refer a section boat loaded with some four hundred kegs of gunpowder was being transported across the mountain upon trucks, having been withdrawn from the water at Hollidaysburg. At that time Mr. Francis Devlin, also of Conemaugh borough, was running the "Lafayette" locomotive on the short level between Planes No. 8 and 9. While pulling the train upon which the boat was located in the direction of Plane 8 the sparks from his engine set fire to the cabin in the first section. The flames were not discovered until the stationary engine at the head of the plane had drawn up the boat, but as soon as the employes observed the fire issuing forth they all fled in terror, save one—Mr. Enoch McGary. A goodly-sized village was in existence there at the time we write about, and the knowledge that a boat containing several hundred kegs of powder had taken fire was immediately noised abroad, and a general stampede from the neighborhood became in order. An eye-witness to the affair states that the scene was an appalling one, and the people fleeing for their lives and shrieking in the fear that the explosion might overtake them can never be forgotten by him.

Mr. McGary proved the hero of the hour. Hastily hitching a team of horses to the section that was burning, he hauled it a considerable distance along the level between Planes 8 and 7, and when far enough away to save the village from destruction he hastily started the team off and sought safety in flight. Mr. McGary was only distant about eight hundred yards when the boat load of powder exploded, but he fortunately escaped unharmed, although one of the horses was killed by a fragment of the truck car, which was blown to atoms. The shock was a most terrible one, glass in houses at the Summit, four miles from the scene, being shivered to pieces, and the noise of the explosion was heard for many miles.

We understand the gentleman who thus undoubtedly saved the lives of many persons and the destruction of an entire village, never received any reward for his heroic act. Of the truth of this narrative we are assured by a gentleman who was in the vicinity at the time the facts narrated occurred. Mr. McGary is still living in this place, and it is altogether probable that during the remaining natural term of his existence he will not again be so close to the jaws of a terrible death as he was on the memorable occasion alluded to.—*Johnstown Tribune, less than a year ago.*

THE LAST GIFT CONCERT POSTPONED.—The announcement of the postponement of the last gift concert of the Public Library of Kentucky, will surprise few and disappoint none of the friends and patrons of the enterprise. Indeed, any other course would create dissatisfaction. With a precedent of a postponement of each of the four concerts which have already been given, the public have very naturally and reasonably expected that in this, by far the largest scheme of the series and the largest ever offered to the world, the same course would be followed, and there are thousands all over the country now waiting and waiting for the setting of a *certain fixed* day for the drawing before sending in their orders. The sales of tickets to this date have been highly satisfactory, and a large drawing might be had on the first day, but, being assured that a short postponement would enable us to see out the remainder of the tickets and make the drawing a full one, we have adopted the course which has evidently been anticipated, and which must constitute most satisfactorily for all.

Now that the day of drawing is absolutely determined, there remains no further occasion for delay, and I would urge the friends of the enterprise, who intend to purchase tickets, to send in their orders, as it will tax my office to its utmost capacity to accomplish all that is to be done in the short time which remains for the sale of tickets.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager.

TERRIBLE DEATH.—*A Man Torn to Pieces.*—The Tyrone *Herald* of the 30th says: We have seen men with their heads shot off, men with their limbs liberated from their body, men wounded or killed by fall or shock, in almost every imaginable way, but a sight equal to the one witnessed by half the citizens of Tyrone on this Thursday morning, we never beheld. At the Bald Eagle Tannery of D. P. Ray, Esq., in the large bark-yard, the remains were delivered to pieces, of Mr. Jacob Bryan, who left his home a mile above Tyrone, on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, after six o'clock, well and hearty, and was ushered into the presence of his Creator in an instant, the same happening to several persons who are present. Mr. Bryan was a bark-grinder at the establishment above named, and having discovered that the ground substance was not going to the proper place as it left the elevator, which carries it from the mill, he went into the bowels of the earth matters, and as he was at the act of returning to the grinding-room, his clothing, which hung loosely on his body, was caught by the main shaft which, connected by counter shaft, operates the machinery. This shaft is stationed some two feet from the joist which bears up the floor on the second-story of the building, the speed of which is about one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. In an instant the clothing of the unfortunate man was twisted tight around the body while whirling at fearful speed, head and feet striking the joist in turn as they revolved. One faint cry was heard by the men in adjoining rooms, and all was over. In a few seconds some of the employees were on the spot, not to render any relief to the victim of the accident, but to witness a most horrible sight. Over a space of a rod square, in and out of loose-tubs, were fragments of the body. Here lay the head and shoulders, there a leg, another place an arm, and still another the heart, beating as if in the body, another the intestines, liver, etc. Mr. Bryan was fifty-five or fifty-six years of age, was the father of ten children, all of whom we understand, with the mother, are living to mourn the sudden and appalling death of husband and father.

THAT ABANDONED BABY.—*The Colored Woman's Story in Pittsburgh and Altoona.*—Some days ago we copied from an Altoona paper the story of the abandonment of a colored baby in that city by a white woman, who left it on the door step of Mr. Gibson's residence. She was subsequently interviewed by the conductor of the train that had carried her from this city thither, as to the disposition she had made of the infant, when she confessed to the abandonment, and stated that the little ebony waif was the illegitimate child of a deceased respectable and wealthy young woman of this city, whose friends had hired her to dispose of it in some pacific way, and for that purpose paid her expenses to and from Philadelphia, in which latter place she was instructed to make the abandonment. The story was plausible enough, and as no harm was done to the child, the "woman in black" was not arrested. A gentleman yesterday informed us that none other than the self-same woman, at the time of the desertion, had supplied at the residence of an officer of the Guardians of the Poor, for assistance to enable her to get out of this city with her little black charge, but, as usual in most instances, no relief was obtained from that quarter, and she took herself to the almsgiving of the charitably disposed. Her story there was that she had been a servant in a hotel in Altoona and had given birth to the child in that city, whose father was a black laborer, who, in an evil hour, accomplished her ruin. That was her story while collecting alms, and nothing was said about any respectable parties here knowing of the existence of the infant. That she was the true unfortunate mother of the babe she subsequently deserted, can hardly be doubted, and that her Altoona story was cut from the whole cloth, is equally plausible, as no Pittsburgh white girl, dead or alive, had anything to do with the child.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Horace Waters & Son, headed 'WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS,' and for a description of them we can't do better than to copy the following:

THE WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS.—We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, that tends to popularize music by rendering its study either easier or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stopadded to the Waters' Reed Organ, called the Concerto Stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially 'human' in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and when we heard it we were in doubt whether we liked it best in Solo or with Full Organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the Reed Organ.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

—Buy all your goods at M. L. Oatman's, the cheapest store in Ebensburg.

California Correspondence.

CRESSEY STATION, Merced Co., Cal., July 30, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—I am waiting with much anxiety to hear and read of your trip to Omaha. If you fell through a bridge or anything, be sure to let me know.

AT A LOSS.

I am at a loss to know what to write about that would interest your readers. I took a hearty laugh over the "dilapidated finery," etc., in my last letter but one. That goes ahead of Horace Greeley's appointment to lecture.

SNAIX.

There are no snakes "at all a'most" in this country. On the Merced river I have traveled through weeds and briars ten feet high, gathering berries and sich like, but I have never seen a snake yet. On the plains I saw one small rattlesnake, which makes me think that St. Patrick was never here, although he must have thought about coming. Snakes are not at all dangerous here, except near drinking saloons. The same may be said of insects. The tarantula is found here and there, but scarcely once in a thousand miles. Bedbugs are unknown. I do not think a dozen of these pests could be scared up in California. The common housefly and mosquito are bad along the river bottoms, where the lands were flooded, but not elsewhere.

HORSE DISEASES.

There is some epizooty in the north of the State, and here a few of the horses cough as if they had the distemper, but they have no discharges from the nose. There is a kind of weed grows on the plains here which when eaten by horses sets them crazy. The Spanish call the disease produced by it *loco*, and the English call the weed rattle-weed, but it is not at all like your rattle-weed. Horses that go crazy are said to be *locoed*, from which they never recover.

FRUITS.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* estimates that, in addition to what will be used for home consumption, over three millions of dollars worth of fruits will be canned and exported this year, consisting of either canned or dried (*desiccated*) raisins, figs, prunes, apples, peaches, apricots, walnuts, etc., etc. This is another source of income for California. Honey is still another. Take wheat, barley, gold, silver, quicksilver, and other metals, sheep, cattle, wool, wine, and fruits of various kinds, and the entire products of California will reach over one hundred millions of dollars annually. The wheat crop this year is estimated to be worth $40,000,000, the barley $15,000,000, the fruit $10,000,000, and the balance is made up by mining and grape growing and wine making.

ABOUT SHEEP.

Your farmers would call shearing a hundred sheep a mighty big day's work for one man, but it has often been done here with ease. Men get only seven cents a sheep for shearing, and yet they make good wages at the business. Our people have hired out their stubble to a sheep owner, who is to bring 3,500 sheep here next Fall to pasture. They will average about 10 acres per day, or 900 acres in ninety days. In this way sheep are kept until pasture springs up on the low lands in December. All the stubble that can be obtained is thus hired and disposed of. The farmers are glad to get their fields cleaned up and made ready for the plow in this way, while the income from this source is sufficient to pay their taxes at least.

WHAT IS REMARKABLE.

It is thought that the sheep make the ground weedy where they lie at night, but this is fully made up for by the destruction of the weeds everywhere else. What is remarkable is that there is no cheat (chess) nor cockle in the wheat out here. I have not seen a stock of either on this or any other ranch I have visited.

CHICKENS.

Chickens grow here spontaneously. I can count two hundred from where I am sitting. This is a great advantage, as we can have fresh meat and sound eggs all the time.

Hoping to hear from you on the Omaha trip, I am, sir, yours with the greatest consideration.

ROB ROY.

[COMMUNICATION.]

GALLITZIN, Aug. 3, 1874.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN—As the time for holding the Democratic County Convention is drawing near, and as the importance of having the names of *good* and *true* men before the convention is felt by all, I would suggest the name of JAMES A. SHOEMAKER, Esq., of Ebensburg, as one "eminently fit" to go before the Democratic convention for the office of Assembly. Mr. S. possesses *all* the qualifications that enter into the make up of a proper representative of the people. He is *competent* in every sense of the word—*honest, intelligent, industrious* and *energetic*. Besides all this, he is a favorite with the people, and has never been connected with any of the "sharp dodges" of political *sharpers*, nor the tricks of political *tricksters*. He has never *held* nor *sought* office, and therefore cannot be objected to as a "professional politician." We want men on the Democratic ticket this fall whom *we have not been voting for all our lives*, and who possess at least ordinary qualifications. Give us "Bert" Shoemaker and some other equally good man as our candidates for the Legislature, and we will elect them by one thousand majority.

DEMOCRAT.

AMERICAN HOMES for August is out, with the other first-class magazines. This magazine is only $2.00 a year, including a beautiful chromo, and the only difference we can discern between it and the larger magazines is in its size and prices. Its table of contents for August includes "From Hod to Mine," by Charles Barnard, an illustrated description of a trip to the Reading coal mines; "Achsah," which gains in interest every month, and will be sure to make a reputation for the author, Rev. Dr. Deems, if he has not already ever he may be. The publishers have added a "Fashion Department," which will add to its value in the eyes of the ladies. The short stories and poems of the number are fully up to the standard, and all together make a really first-class two-dollar magazine. The publishers want agents for this in every place in the country.

A FEARFUL LEAP.—A man named W. Doyle, supposed to have been a resident of Newark, N. J., was a passenger on the Pittsburg express east, on last Thursday, due here at 2 P. M., and when at Penn Station he mounted the seat and suddenly dashed through the window, while the train was at full speed. The train was stopped and the bruised man picked up and brought to this place, where he received proper medical attendance, but he expired in about two hours after the occurence. It is supposed that the man was deranged, as he gave considerable trouble to the train men on the road from Pittsburg. No information has been obtained that he has a wife and two children. His remains were taken charge of by the Directors of the Poor for interment.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

EVERY PERSON,

Man, woman, boy, or girl, should send at once for one of the Excelsior Stationery Packets, containing Note Paper, Envelopes, Pen Holder, Pencil, Pens, Blank Book, Blotter, Photographs of 100 beautiful Ladies, Tooth Picks, Perfume Sachet, Chinese Puzzle, and a fine piece of Ladies' or Gents' Jewelry. Try a Packet. Price, post paid, 50 cents, or 2 for $1. Agents Wanted. Address, J. CARTY BURROW,
It. 319 HARMONY ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOND RECOLLECTIONS.—It is sweet to remember the days of our youth, when 'mid the storms of December we froze fast to the truth; but sweeter by far and more fully enjoyed are the facts as they are about Myers & Lloyd, whose stock is complete and whose prices are low, and who sell everything neat at a speed that's not slow, and deal with their customers from the very word go—there and buy your dry goods and groceries.

LETTERS received from Mr. John M. Bush and friends of Miss Alice Hutchinson, leave little or no room to doubt that the story about the recent elopement from Altoona of the parties named was a lie manufactured out of the whole cloth by the wife of that gentleman.

OBITUARY.

GRIMES.—Died, in Altoona, on Sunday last, Mr. MICHAEL GRIMES, formerly a resident of Allegheny township, this county, aged about 60 years. The remains of the deceased were interred in the Catholic cemetery, Loretto, on Tuesday. May he rest in peace!

SCHNABLE.—Died, in Johnstown, on Monday last, Mr. HENRY SCHNABEL, aged 46 years and 8 months.

READ THIS TWICE!

"THE PEOPLE'S LEDGER" contains NO Continued Stories, 8 Large Pages, 48 Columns of Choice Miscellaneous Reading Matter every week, together with articles from the pens of well-known writers as NASBY, OLIVER OPTIC, SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., MISS ALICE CARY, PHILL CARLTON, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, MARK TWAIN, &c.

I will send "The People's Ledger" to any address every week for three months, on trial, on receipt of only 25 CENTS.

"THE PEOPLE'S LEDGER" is an old established and reliable weekly paper, published every Saturday, and is very popular throughout the N. E. and Middle States. Address

HERMANN K. CURTIS, Publisher,
No. 50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.—This is to notify all persons interested that I have purchased the following described property at Sheriff's sale and left the same in the possession of Jos. Hips, of Chest township, during my pleasure: One bay mare, 2 sets harness, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 two-horse sled. Any interference with the above property is hereby forbidden.

J. BAKER.

Chest Twp., Aug. 7, 1874.-3t.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

POSTPONEMENT!

FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.

DAY FIXED
AND
A FULL DRAWING ASSURED
—ON—
MONDAY, 30th NOVEMBER, 1874

LAST CHANCE
FOR
AN EASY FORTUNE!

A postponement of the Fifth Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky has been so generally anticipated, and is so manifestly for the interest of all concerned, that it must meet the approval of all. The day is now absolutely fixed and there will be no variation from the programme now announced. A sufficient number of tickets had been sold to have enabled us to have had a large drawing on the 31st of July, but a short postponement was considered preferable to a partial drawing. Let it be borne in mind that

The Fifth Gift Concert

IS THE LAST WHICH WILL EVER BE GIVEN UNDER THIS CHARTER AND BY THE PRESENT MANAGEMENT.

That it will positively and unequivocally take place as announced on

MONDAY, 30th November,

that the music will be the best the country affords, and that

20,000 Cash Gifts,

AGGREGATING

$2,500,000

will be distributed by lot among the ticket holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift			$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift			100,000
One Grand Cash Gift			75,000
One Grand Cash Gift			50,000
One Grand Cash Gift			25,000
5 Cash Gifts,	$20,000	each	100,000
10 Cash Gifts,	14,000	each	140,000
15 Cash Gifts,	10,000	each	150,000
20 Cash Gifts,	5,000	each	100,000
25 Cash Gifts,	4,000	each	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	3,000	each	90,000
50 Cash Gifts,	2,000	each	100,000
100 Cash Gifts,	1,000	each	100,000
240 Cash Gifts,	500	each	120,000
500 Cash Gifts,	100	each	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts,	50	each	950,000
Grand Total, 20,000 Gifts, all cash			$2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

WHOLE TICKETS	$ 50.00
HALVES	25.00
TENTH, OR EACH COUPON	5.00
11 WHOLE TICKETS for	500.00
22 1 2 TICKETS for	1,000.00

Persons wishing to invest should order promptly, either of our home office or local Agents.

Liberal commissions will be allowed to satisfactory agents.

Circulars containing full particulars furnished on application.

THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
AGENT AND MANAGER,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.
OR *THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,*
EASTERN AGENTS, - - - 609 BROADWAY, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES for the Western District of Pennsylvania.—*In the matter of* FRY, DUERR & CO., *Bankrupts* IN BANKRUPTCY.

Western District of Pennsylvania, ss:

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Court has ordered in the above matter that a general meeting of creditors of the said Bankrupts will be held at Ebensburg, in the County of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, in said District, on the 27

The Champion Church Beggar.

Alluding to the recent dedication of the Rev. Mr. Talmadge's new tabernacle in Brooklyn, and to the raising of money to pay off church indebtedness, "Burleigh" writes to the Boston "Journal" that "the great beggar of the continent, as he is called, is Rev. L. F. Ives, of Auburn, New York. He has attended the dedication of 800 churches, most of which he has freed from debt. He usually takes several days in the preparation. Meetings are held, plans are drawn, leading men consulted, and the sum agreed upon placed on a list. The audience see the smooth operation of the work; the machinery, the pullies, and the wires are out of sight. The time devoted to the collection is given up exclusively to Mr. Ives. He clears the deck like a commodore preparing for action. During the two hours and a half of his work he makes things lively. He is full of racy anecdote, humorous story, illustration, and incident. As if in doubt how to proceed, he suggests that they begin with $1,000 subscriptions, or $500. The men who have agreed to subscribe these sums are in different parts of the house, and ring out the amounts sonorously. The good work goes on until the smaller amounts are reached. All the while the getting of money is interspersed with story and song, and the mirthfulness of the audience is kept up to a fervid range. All this machinery was introduced at the tabernacle dedication to lift a subscription of $35,000. Mr. Ives was in his glory. His sallies brought peals of laughter from the mouth as well as money from the pocket. He gets well paid for this work; he receives from $250 to $1,000 a Sunday, according to the amount raised. In his sphere he is supreme. He is in constant demand, and is quite at home wherever called."

Advantages of Crying.

A French [illegible] is out with a long [illegible] on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy for a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to cry or groan. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours, by giving vent to his emotions. If people feel at all unhappy about anything, let them go to their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel one hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically suppressed, the result may be the St. Vitus dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by free indulgence in groans and sighs.

Then let parents show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief on the part of children as well as persons, and regard the eyes and mouth as safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

The Artless Fair One.

A victimized man speaks eloquently in behalf of his unprotected susceptibilities: There is a certain style of woman who affects the most innocent simplicity on questions to which every one past first childhood can give an answer; whose cue is *naive* ignorance, whose charm is her unenlightenment. She absolutely makes a boast of her ignorance; the tone in which she says, "Oh! you are too clever for poor little me to talk to; and I dare say you are right; but then I am such a little goose I do not understand you," is quite sufficient to annihilate you for the evening, if you chance to be of those unlucky ones who are sensitive as to the impression they make. She, so simple, so untutored, the child of nature, makes it plain to you that you have gone on a wrong road when you have spoken to her as to a reasonable, decent education, and have assumed that she possesses a mind and some degree of instruction. She is all heart; if you like she can expatiate on her dear dog, or that darling best race; but she cannot let you think that she has ever used the eyes of her mind, or seen anything deeper than the self-reliant superficialities of life. Her subjects of conversation are few; all she wants to talk about is the opera, or the fashions, or the latest scandal, the latest amusements; and anything to make her think and use her brain, though in the mildest way, ruffles her serenity and transforms you into a bore of the first magnitude.

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

The new Queen of the Sandwich Islands, says a letter-writer, is a very attractive one, I think. I can't say what kind of a sensation she would create in Boston literary society, but to one accustomed to Hawaiian features and dusky skins she makes a very pleasing picture. She is about thirty-five years of age, a little above the average height, portly in person, and carries herself with a queenly dignity becoming her station, which dignity is entirely natural to her, as it is to most of the Hawaiian women. She speaks so little English that she does not trust herself to use this language in company, so conversation is somewhat difficult; but her bright, pleased, intelligent expression makes up for a great deal else. She had a reception of the ladies of Honolulu at the palace a few weeks ago, and her manners were worthy of any lady in the land, while her dress was simplicity itself, but rich enough to suit her rank. In her younger days she was nurse to the son of the present queen dowager, and was said to be very beautiful. It was then thought that Kalakaua lowered himself somewhat in marrying one below him in rank, but to my mind it was a very creditable thing, if he loved her, and I respect him all the more for it. I saw their Majesties lately at a grand party given on board the Benecia, and on that occasion she looked a Queen of whom her husband might be proud.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!!

I T gives me pleasure to inform you that I again have the agency this season for the

TWO BEST

Mowing and Reaping MACHINES

ever brought before the public.

THE SUPERIOR

lies a SCREW POWER, has no cog gearing, is SIMPLE, NOISELESS, DURABLE, and a powerful Machine, and runs light. Although only three years before the public, there are over TEN THOUSAND of them now in use, and owing to the satisfaction they have given, it is expected the sale of these Machines this year will double those of any previous season. The REAPER ATTACHMENT to it also HAS NO SUPERIOR.

The Improved Iron Frame

BUCKEYE!

has been before the public about ten years, and the fact that there are over ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY THOUSAND in use at the present time, with a largely increased yearly demand for them, is a better recommendation than pen can indite. They are very simple, strong, durable and light running; and if you want a REAPER ATTACHMENT at any time, you can have a selection out of four different kinds which the Company manufacture—so you cannot fail to be satisfied.

GEORGE HUNTLEY, Agent.

Ebensburg, June 12, 1874.-tf.

FARMERS!

Money Saved is Money Earned

The undersigned are about introducing in Western Pennsylvania the celebrated **Randell Fanning Mill, Grain Separator and Grader Combined**, which has attracted marked attention in the Western States where ever exhibited among the farmers.

As a Fanning Mill it cannot be surpassed, and it **is the only reel separator and grader in the U. S.** It is simple, rapid and complete, and gives you perfect control in chaffing, separating or grading your grain.

The use of the Randell Mill will improve the condition of your grain, so much that it will bring five to fifteen cents per bushel more, and besides will largely increase the yield per acre, by the higher grade of seed you are enabled to obtain.

With the Randell Separator you can also clean your own **Grass Seed**, thus saving a large annual expense for grass seeds.

This mill works on an entire new principle as applied to Fanning Mills, and does its work to perfection.

Canvassers will exhibit it during the season, when you will be able to judge for yourselves o its merits.

Do not buy until you see it work.

For information, address

McCLINTOCK & CO.,

Meadville, Pa.

One or two good Agents wanted in every county.

EBENSBURG BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Combs, Brushes and Allen's Hair Restoratives, pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Press Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance. Price, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Address CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

A LITTLE CONFAB

—ABOUT THE—

Singer Sewing Machine

And Where to Buy It.

COUNTRYMAN—See here, neighbor, can you tell me where I can buy the sewing machine people talk so much about?

CITIZEN OF EBENSBURG—Yes, with pleasure. I presume it is the Singer Sewing Machine that you mean.

C.—Yes, that's the name of it.

C. OF E.—Well, just down there, two doors east of Zahm's store, is the place, and my word for it you will be well pleased with your purchase if you invest in one of those machines. Messrs. BAILEY & TATE, the agents, have now on hand all styles and different finishing machines, from the cheapest to the most valuable, and are accommodating gentlemen who will be pleased to show you the ins and outs of their various machines, whether you desire to buy or not. They also keep thread, needles and all the other paraphernalia of a sewing machine, and are at all times prepared to attend to the repairing of machines in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and at very moderate rates. Don't forget the place—High street, two doors east of Zahm's store, Ebensburg [4-24.-tf.]

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

JUNIATA HOUSE,

Juniata Street, Bedford, Pa.

This well known House has recently been leased by the undersigned, who, having had many years' experience in keeping a first-class hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRANSIENT BOARDERS.

☞ Arrangements will be made by which guests can be furnished with meals at any hour.

TERMS $1.50 PER DAY; $10 PER WEEK. Boarders taken by the Day, Week, Month or Year.

MARY J. RIFFLE.

Bedford, June 5, 1874.-3m.

Ebensburg WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept.20.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall. Julian street, where night calls should be made. [4-4. tf.]

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.

M'CLELLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain FURNITURE! AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

NSYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS,

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞ All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13.'74.-tf.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tetes-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

PRICES

At E. J. MILLS'

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, Notions, GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.,

In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞ A complete and elegant assortment of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

Andrew Moses, DRAPER & TAILOR, CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	$3.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

Independence in Taste.

Discretion is the greater part of valor in every other matter save dress; but in this one particular they deny any authority, and recognize no power but that of downright penury.

What tires a woman's soul is not what she has not, so much as it is what her neighbor has. So many female fashions are entirely needless that nothing but rivalry could ever bring them before the public. It is not that the Japanese sun-shades are popular or pretty that women are induced to buy them, but because some other woman flaunts one. Each woman is but the echo of the other, so far as dress is concerned, and what one does or has—by reason of her superabundance of money—the others must and will do and have by the exercise of ingenuity, contrivance and planning. And were the secrets of households made bare, more than half the anxiety of the inmates, and all the premature wrinkles in the faces of women would be found to have originated in disappointment in dress. Not that they have not had enough to wear, but that they could not over-shadow others in their elegance of attire.

So long as dress is the criterion by which a woman is judged, and by which all are measured, the rivalry will go on, and the excess of money, time and health be devoted to fashion.

This season the variety of goods offered makes it possible for woman to be more individual in taste than heretofore, and in trimmings particularly, unless they are pledged to embroidery. Any amount of taste and ingenuity may be displayed in "finishing off" dresses, and where the combination of two or more kinds of goods is not essential, the flowers and puffs and folds are by no means an impossible performance for even the most uninformed amateur.

Fashion.

The absurdities of fashion are not new except in one particular: they are almost completely confined to the ladies. With the present dress of the gentlemen little fault can be found; but with that of the ladies! Well, let us be merciful in judgment; if our fair sisters delight in waists of eighteen inches in circumference; in trains of unknown length which convey with them all manner of street refuse—let them enjoy perfect liberty of action—far be it from us to tyrannize! Folly was not born with the present century. One is very apt to rail against the absurdities of present fashion, and as each new mode appears, to vow that taste is on the wane, and Paris the Temple of the Graces no longer. Yet a glance at the costumes of the past will show us that extravagance is no novelty; contemporaries of Alcibiades dressed their heads in the most intricate manner, rouged their cheeks, and wore precious stones on their sandals. The shoes with points chained to the knees and the lofty sugar-loafed head-dress of the middle ages, were facts as monstrous as Queen Elizabeth's ruff and iron-bound corset, or the figurative *coiffure* of Marie Antoinette, with the gallant ship of the town of Paris in full sail upon the summit. Nor were the fashions of the first half of this century devoid of exaggeration; look at our grandmother's bonnet, with wide-spreading brim and feathers waving on end! Our *chapeaux* are of strange shapes, high in the crown, and of many colors mixed together, but there is a unity about them—they adorn the head instead of turning it into a scarecrow. Even when we borrow from the past we do not borrow crudely, but with discretion, moulding old fashions to new forms. So fashion improves as she advances.

True Politeness—Have Your Heart in the Right Place.

One cannot be polite and well-mannered without kind feelings and a good heart. All the rules for etiquette, all the hand-books and "Guides to Society" in the world are worthless, if you have nothing within your soul which teaches you to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

You may learn to bow and to shake hands according to the best rules of deportment; you may pay calls at exactly the right time, and understand the corners of your visiting cards thoroughly; but if you have spite in your heart, and envy in your soul, you will never be truly well-mannered.

If you desire to boast, to be conspicuous, to monopolize attention, to hurt the feelings of innocent people, and to sow dissention between friends, you cannot make a lady or a gentleman of yourself by any number of airs and graces.

If you are kind and good, and wish people well, and prefer to say pleasant things when you can, you will be polite without trying to be, and only silly people will criticise any hearty form of welcome, any effort to make them comfortable, that may occur.

Of course you may learn much by observation and by associating with cultivated people; but true politeness can never be learnt by one whose heart is not in the right place.

Why blame mamma if she wishes her daughter to make a "good match?" Is it not as easy to love a worthy rich man as it is to worship a worthy poor man? To be sure it is! And madam knows this very well. In her eyes a poverty-stricken youth is necessarily the enemy of all maidens whose fathers live at the rate of some thousands per annum. She may have married a man having prospects, but no position; but that is no reason why her darling child should have done so. Love in a cottage may be all very well; and perhaps, at one time, she considered it the height of human bliss. But age brings knowledge and experience; and what in the hey-day of youth appears pure gold, is, in middle age, very often discovered to be trawdry tinsel. Besides, though her husband has turned out trumps, it by no means follows that if she confided her daughter to a man occupying a similar position to that in which her partner commenced life, he will ever rise above it. So she prefers like the prudent soul that she is, to be on the safe side. Thus she fixes her attention upon men who have already made a name and position, and prepares her traps for both him and her daughter to fall into. Well it is for the daughter if the mother's plans succeed—though she may not think so at the time. But then she is young.

NEW STORE BUILDING, 113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

New Embroideries

—AND—

WHITE GOODS!

NEW GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Latest Styles Ladies' and Children's

Hats and Bonnets

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.

Ribbons and Flowers,

A most complete variety, just opened.

SUN UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS.

of all sizes, styles and qualities, at unusually low prices. A full stock of

KID GLOVES,

all colors and sizes, as low as 75 cts. per pair.

Half Hand Gloves!

FOR GARDEN WEAR.

NEW WHITE GOODS.

Nainsook and Jaconet Muslins, Swiss and Organdie Muslins, White and Colored P. K's, Lawns, Hamburg Edgings, Towels, &c. PERCALES, for Summer Suits, very cheap.

The Celebrated "RIVERSIDE" HAT

IN WHITE AND BLACK STRAW.

Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils

ALWAYS IN STOCK, AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KINDS!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Saws, Hatchets, Bowring Machines, Augurs, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Wringers and Wringers, Patent Churns and, Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse-Shoes and Nails, Oil Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Loretto Marble Works.

PRICES REDUCED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS; also, Designs for Scotch Granite Monuments. We desire to invite the attention of the public to our beautiful Designs for Monuments and Tombstones, made of the very best Italian and American Marbles, and which will be furnished at as low rates as similar work can be obtained in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, and work shipped to any point at our risk. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Remember that our designs and our work will compare favorably with any in the State. WILKINSON & KELLY.

Loretto, March 13, 1874.-tf.

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'73.]

CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

All the New Goods of the Season!

ENGLISH BRUSSELS

CARPET!

Stair and Hall Brussels Carpet.

Three-Ply CARPET.

EXTRA SUPER CARPET.

VENETIAN and GIRTHING CARPET.

Ingrain Carpet, all wool.

COTTAGE CARPET FROM 25 CENTS UP.

Mattings and Door Rugs.

Floor Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, and 8-4 wide; Stair Oil Cloths and Table Oil Cloths; Window Shades at prices to suit everybody.

PRINTS AT 6 CENTS.

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY GOODS!!

☞ The attention of the Ladies is invited to our Retail Millinery Department. Having engaged a first-class Milliner from the East and being constantly in receipt of the latest and handsomest styles, we are prepared to suit all tastes and meet all pecuniary circumstances.

NEW DRESS GOODS

OF FINEST QUALITIES.

Country merchants will find it to their INTEREST to call and examine our stock. We can fill their orders in Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery at the same prices they would have to pay in the east, and thus save freight and traveling expenses.

WHOLESALE ROOMS, SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS.

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.

—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1.'71.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM Store will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

Ebensburg, Sept. 1, 1873.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

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The Feast of St. Pius V.

A Roman correspondent describes the feast day of St. Pius V., saying: "As he is the patron of the present Pope, the 5th of May has always been a *mezza festa* with the Romans. In the afternoon, just before vespers, I drove to St. Maria Maggiore to visit the tomb of this canonized pontiff, and to see the decorations of the beautiful Sistine Chapel of that basilica in which is his costly and splendid monument. This chapel covers the whole side of the chapel, and indeed forms part of its architecture. It is a mass of sculpture-friezes and frontons; columns of verd antique, great bas-reliefs in marble and bronze pictures. At the same time the monument was erected, the Flemings, Nicolas d'Arras and Egidius, and the Italians, Olivieri Sanese, Tiboli, and Sarzana, treated sculpture as an imitator of painting, and mere trade of skilfully cut images. In the bas-reliefs you see four shooting figures standing out detached and perspective from the background. I found the chapel in full; a large part of the crowd was composed of the band of French pilgrims, who are now visiting the Eternal City and paying their pious respects to his Holiness. They are known by their badge, which is a large white wooden cross, bound with red ribbon, to the left breast or shoulder. The superb display of flowers in the chapel, great banks of camelias, roses, etc., and magnificent candelabras, with hundreds of lighted wax candles. The bronze doors of the beautiful verd antique facade, and the monument was removed, and there exposed to sight the emblazoned [illegible] of Pope, looking as grim as is his reputation for severity and inexorableness.

Statuary.

The bronze statuary just now [illegible] is manufactured by a simple enough process. Over the clay model is poured a coating of plaster of Paris, which having hardened to set, is taken off in sections, thus forming a hollow mould of the figure. From this mould is produced a stereo duplicate, either of the entire statue, or of such portions of it as is intended to be cast at a time. Upon this, again, is formed a second coating of greater thickness and solidity for the reception of the molten metal. The material for the final mould is a composition of plaster and brick-dust. This is applied in a pasty state to the stucco model, from which the outer surface takes the form of the figure. Were statues cast solid, it would necessarily be necessary to separate mould from model and run metal into the former till the latter was filled. This, however, would involve an absurd waste, and in order to economize material, a solid core is placed between the mould, leaving only such space all round as will receive the thickness of metal deemed necessary for the work in hand. The core, filled with its core having been incrusted with loam and firmly hooped round with hard iron, is placed in a kiln to be baked to perfect dryness. This precaution is necessary to prevent the circumstance that even a trace of moisture might on the application of the molten metal occasion a dangerous explosion. Sometimes the case of the casting now in question, the long drying of the mould occupies some weeks. On the removal from the kiln, the mould is buried in dry earth below the floor of the foundry, only the aperture for receiving the metal and the vent hole for the escape of air remaining visible.

The Duchess of Wellington.

The Duchess of Argyll has been succeeded by the Duchess of Wellington as Mistress of the Robes, and the Duchess of Wellington is certainly one of the most attractive among the wives of the nobility. Indeed, upon her devolves the rather difficult task of maintaining the prestige of the great house of Wellesley. The duke is one of the most hopeless nonentities of the peerage, and his only resemblance to his illustrious father is the physical one of his big nose and small, gray-blue eyes. What a fall there was between the first duke and the second, the hero of Waterloo and the carpet knight, the something regiment of the line. Yet society has long seen and pondered over the duchess, however, was in her time one of the beauties of Victoria's court, and there is a romance about her early life and marriage, which gave the latter the complexion of an ambitious and social rather than a sentimental event. The old duke was very fond of his daughter-in-law, who returned his paternal affection with hearty good will; but for her husband she has had no very thrillingly romantic fondness. She is rather beyond the middle age now, and still quite handsome, and full of elegance and [illegible] a fine type of the noble ladies of the land. The duke and the duchess are childless, so the title will pass into a younger branch of the Iron Duke's family.

Matrimonial Freaks.

Very much married was that Frenchman who married her twenty-second husband, and in his turn had been married [illegible] wives! There is an instance recorded at Bordeaux, in 1772, of a gentleman who had been married sixteen times. A Frenchman named Elizabeth Nase, who died in Paris in 1708, had been married to seven husbands. She was at the ripe age of seventy-two at her last led to the hymeneal altar, and had the pleasure to survive her "beloved." When on the death-bed, it is stated, she recalled to mind the good and bad points of each of her husbands, and having partially weighed in her mind the *pros* and *cons*, she determined that the last claimed the highest merit, and ordered that her grave be with his. In 1708 a remarkable pair were living in Essex, who had been married eighty-one years; the husband was then one hundred and seven years old, and his spouse only four years his junior.

The briefness of the period in which a city may become buried in the sand of the African desert is illustrated in the case of Ismailia, which was built in 1869, at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal, and then had 10,000 inhabitants. It is now almost deserted, a miserable remnant of 1,000 people only being left. Even the palace built by the Viceroy to entertain royal guests is becoming dilapidated, and the court-yard is half full of drifting sand. Trains between Cairo and Ismailia are frequently sand-bound during a storm.